C-221-5-2

Northern Messenger

Wm Brysconbe 2-30-20

VOLUME XXXIX. No. 9 MONTREAL, FEBRUARY 26, 1904. 30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid.

Trusted.

Nothing is more likely to give hope and courage to the despairing than the great thought that there are people who still believe in them.

A young man, for persistent wrong-doing, was convicted of felony, and was sent to the penitentiary. He came out at the end of two years more hardened, and an object of shame, distrust and suspicion. He came to his native town; every one gave him the cold shoulder except a poor old woman who had known him ever since a child. She met him near her little home on the day of his return.

'Why, Harry,' she said, as if nothing had happened. 'I'm glad to see you. I didn't know you had come back.'

'Well, I have,' he said gruffly.

'Yes, I see; where are you staying?'

'On the street.'

'Dear me! That's no place for any one to stay. Come home and stay for supper. I can't give you much choice, but you are welcome to what I have.'

'Aren't you afraid I'll rob and murder you?'

'Why, Harry, I'm no more afraid of you than when you used to sit in my lap in your baby clothes. Come right along.'

After supper she said: 'Now Harry, you must stay here to-night and sleep in the little room my own boy slept in before he died.' In the morning she said: 'You'd better stay here until you find something to do.'

'Do you suppose any one would give me anything to do?'

'No, I don't. I thought about it while you slept, and I tell you what you had better do.'

She went to a bureau and took from it a silk handkerchief containing a roll of bills.

'Now, Harry, here's fifty dollars which I have saved penny by penny as the saving of a life. I've been saving it up to be used in my last sickness. I want you to take this money, go away off where you are not known and begin life over again. I can trust you to pay it back if able; if not, all right. I am not afraid to trust you.'

She could say no more, for Harry was on his knees, his face in her lap, crying as he had not since the days of his childhood.

'Say it again.'

'Say what?'

'That you are not afraid to trust me.'

'Why, I am not.'

'Then I'll take the money and do as you say, bad as I've been, to prove that I am worthy of your trust.'

Her confidence proved to be his salvation. He put hundreds of miles between him and his old haunts, and began life anew with hope and courage, because one trusted him. In a few months the old woman's money was returned with more than compound interest. In the letter sent with the money was:

'I owe my salvation to three words you spoke when all the world was against me: "I trust you." They led me to the belief and trust I now have in the God I am trying to serve.'—'Industrial School Gem.'

The Armenian and His Testament.

Garabed was born in Tokat, his parents being members of the Greek Church, and he was brought up in strict accordance with its principles. He had no Bible. A missionary came to his neighborhood, and Garabed had a great desire to go and hear him, but his father prohibited him. He somehow got hold of a copy of the New Testament, however, and in order not to be discovered, he took it into a stable, and read it by the light of a lamp. He feared

lest his parents should find he was in possession of the Word of God; for well he knew it would be taken from him. Reading night after night, he became deeply interested, and longed to know if there was a Saviour for him. He searched the whole New Testament to find his name, but could not. Peter, Paul, James and John he found, but no Garabed. Reading John's Gospel one night, he came upon the word 'whosoever' in chap. iii., 16. That word gave him the title he sought. It means 'anybody.' So he put in his own name, believed on the Lord Jesus, and is now a preacher of the Gospel, telling to others, in that dark land, the way of life and peace.—J. H., in 'The Christian Herald.'

Grace and Grit.

A pastor was holding extra meetings in a schoolhouse in a rich rural neighborhood. A wealthy farmer living a mile distant had not attended, when the wife, an unemotional woman, but of rare good sense, went to the meeting one evening. Although it was the first one she attended she was convicted of her sins, sought the Lord, and was happily converted before the meeting closed. Her special cross now was to tell her husband of her new experience. Reaching home, she found the family had retired. Her husband, arousing from sleep, said, 'You are a little late getting home.'

'Yes,' she said, 'I've been to the meeting, and I've been converted, and I want you to come with me.'

He was silent a minute or two, then said, 'Mary, you could not have done anything which would have displeased me more. Don't ever speak of it to me again. Come to bed.'

It was the most abrupt remark he had made to her in twenty years of wedded life. But she knew his will, and not a word was spoken until the morning. She did not sleep, and silently the whole night commended his case to God. She knew he also was far from having a good night of rest. Farmer-like, they ate breakfast by candle-light. No sooner was he seated at the table than he said:

'Children, your mother says she was converted at the meeting last night, and she won't want to eat without a blessing being asked, so keep still while she asks one.'

The good woman would not deny her Lord. She asked the blessing as best she could. There was silence during the meal. When the hired man pushed back to leave the room, the man of the house said:

'My wife says she is converted, and of course she will want to read and pray before we go to work. You'd better sit right down.'

Nothing daunted, the saved but persecuted woman, without a murmuring word, set herself to the untried work, read out a chapter, and kneeling alone, prayed. As the son was leaving the room, the father said:

'In an hour you hitch the gray horses to the cutter. Your mother and I are going to C—— for a visit.'

Ordinarily he was a kind husband, consulted his wife about social and business affairs, and few were in better accord. But this was the first intimation of the proposed visit. Should she submit, and thus be ignored? Should she leave the meetings, where she hoped her children would be saved? These and other similar questions were pressed on her conscience, yet somehow she believed God was to be glorified even through this abuse. In an hour she was seated by her husband, and silently they drove twenty miles, when he reined up at a hotel and ordered dinner. When they entered the dining-room a few boarders and half a dozen commercial travellers came in. With a knife-handle the man rapped, and as the company looked about he said:

'My wife says she was converted last night, and she will not want to eat unless she asks a blessing. Please keep still while she says grace.'

Although faced by twenty strangers in this cruel arraignment, yet she would not deny her Lord, and in stammering utterances, thanked him for the food that was before them. There was no jest uttered.

and the meal was eaten in silence. An hour later the team was brought, and the man turned their heads toward home. After they had gone a few rods the wife said:

'This is not the way toward C——.'

'I know it'; and bursting into tears he said, 'Wife, I've used you meanly, but you have got the real thing, and I'm going to the schoolhouse to-night to see if I can get converted.'

The rest of the story is short. The days were but few before the whole family, including the hired help, was converted, and she who was put to such unjust and unnatural tests, but who demonstrated her conversion by unflinching courage, has seen her husband a leading and worthy official in the church of God for very many years.—'Way of Faith.'

Our Blind Children in India.

Miss Millard of Bombay, and Mrs. Winsor of Sirur, have taken special charge of those children whose eyesight has been destroyed by hunger. Mrs. Abbott, who cared for the children in Bombay while Miss Millard was in the United States, wrote:—'At present we have forty-one children to care for, while others for whom application has been made we cannot accept because of lack of funds to support them. There are from fifteen to twenty children waiting thus, and you can imagine how we long to help them. These children will appeal to all, not only as famine children, but also as bearing the burden of blindness. Those who know something of the awful misery of a blind child's life in India can alone appreciate the joy of being privileged to gather these children into a Christian home.

'We are introducing weaving of a two and a half inch tape much used by the natives. The loom is one made specially for us and one that can be worked by little children. Clay modelling finds favor, and the little ones are busy now making bead and silver and gold wire chains, which the women of Bombay are very glad to buy, also curtains made of seeds or of split bamboo. They much enjoy the basket weaving.

'The children can march by putting the hands of each on the shoulders of the one in front, while the leader is always a boy who can see a little. They march very nicely, and their delight in it is always seen in their faces. They are happy little children, always ready for a romp. It is great fun to help them organize a tug-of-war. With a bit of rope and a guiding hand to start them, they will play and shout as merrily as seeing children. We hope that many of the helpless little ones will become useful teachers and preachers; while to all we hope to give a trade whereby they can help to support themselves. I am sure kind hearts at home will respond to the call for help for these little blind famine waifs.'

Miss Millard writes:—'It does seem so nice to be back again and to find my beloved work in such encouraging condition. Dear Mrs. Abbott has worked in the blind school as though it were her own work, and has made it altogether a great success. The children gave me a pleasant welcome last Saturday, and I wish all their friends could have seen their bright faces and heard them sing and read their Braille books.

'A day or two ago the Government Inspector came to visit them. I had them read for him, Hindu though he was, a Scripture portion, and opening at random, they read the story of the blind man who said, "Lord, that I might receive my sight." It seemed so appropriate to these blind ones, who have practically received their sight at the end of their fingers. They are so keen about their studies that the matron told me this morning that some of the ambitious ones take their books to bed, and she finds them early in the morning before daylight feeling out their lessons. This evening I found them at supper sitting in absolute darkness, and as I enquired for a lamp the matron said: "Why, you know, Madam Sahib, they do not need a lamp." I think I realized then as I had not done before what it means to always sit in such absolute darkness.

'With gratitude for past help and hope for the future,

'Sincerely yours,

'ANNA L. MILLARD.'

There are several of these blind children for whom I have not yet secured patrons. It costs thirty dollars a year to support them, and I shall be very glad to forward more aid or assign children of whom I have photographs. Funds may be sent to Messrs. Brown Bros. & Co., 50 Wall street, New York, N.Y.

Yours truly,

EMILY C. WHEELER,
40 King St., Worcester, Mass.

A Useless Member.

'Yes,' said Aunt Sarah, surveying her bandaged wrists, 'the doctor says it's a bad sprain; and the minister says I know now how the church feels, in not having the use of its members. The minister didn't mean that just for a joke, either; he looked at me as if he wanted to see how I'd take it. I had sense enough, too, to feel I deserved to have him say it to me. A word like that comes home pretty straight when one of your own members is useless, and worse.

'I've never thought just what being a member of the church meant before, although I've been one for thirty-five years. I've never felt obliged to do what the church wanted done. I felt it was a favor, my doing it at all, and half the time I let some one else do it instead. When I was through with work at home, and with what things I liked to do outside, then I was willing to do something in the church—if it was the kind of work that suited me. I guess I've been just about as useful a member to the church as the sprained hand is to me, all stiff and crippled, and refusing to bend more than an inch or two.

'There's lots of things I need to do, but I can't use this member to do them—that is certain. That is the way the minister has felt about me, I guess. I've been a useless member for thirty-five years, that is the long and short of it; and, if the rest of the members had been like me, the church would have been as paralyzed as Cousin Josiah Jones, that can't move hand nor foot. I'm ashamed of myself—I truly am—and things are going to be different from now on,' and Aunt Sarah nodded her head with firm determination, as she looked at the church spire from her window.—'Forward.'

What Rheumatism is.

Rheumatism is a deep-seated, dangerous disease, caused by the absorption into the blood of effete refuse matter, which should be carried out of the system through the proper channels. This poison soon destroys the purity of the blood and as it circulates through the body the acid particles that are thrown off penetrate the nerves, muscles, membranes and even the bones.

In Acute Articular Rheumatism, the affection usually commences suddenly; sometimes pain or soreness in the joints precedes the disclosure of the disease. The joints become swollen, particularly those of the knee, ankle, wrist, elbow and the smaller joints of the hands and feet. Acute Rheumatism is always identified with more or less feverish condition and profuse perspiration, especially at night, same being strongly acid, showing the system is attempting to throw off the poisonous particles. Chronic Rheumatism is the same as the acute form, but milder and less extended, though strange to say, more persistent and difficult to cure.

Muscular Rheumatism also exists under two forms, acute and chronic, the latter as in Articular Rheumatism, not so violent in attack but pitiless in its hold on the system. In the acute form, there is first a dull pain in the muscles, which gradually increases, growing almost unbearably violent in movements which require the contraction of the muscles. In the chronic form, pain is excited only when the affected muscles are contracted with unusual force, and is more apt to change its location than in the acute form.

With the blood in an unhealthy condition, exposure to cold, combined with moisture, the night air, sudden changes in the weather, sleeping between damp sheets, sitting in a cold, damp room, especially when heated from exercise, or an acute attack of indigestion is sufficient to bring on an attack of Rheumatism to those who have never before experienced this difficulty, and cause violent attacks in those who are subject to it.

Vitae-Ore, the Natural Mineral Medicine advertised extensively in these columns, will cure Rheumatism, even in chronic, diagnosed as incurable cases. Alkalies and the remedies that are almost invariably prescribed, fail to cure because they weaken the digestion, irritating the delicate lining of the stomach, thus impairing instead of building up the system. Vitae-Ore, being a powerful blood purifier, soon brings about a complete and radical change in the circulation. It is absorbed into the blood, neutralizing the acid secretions, rendering them harmless for evil, and gradually eliminates them from the system. Under its use the thin acid blood is made pure and rich and as it is carried through the body nourishes and soothes the irritated nerve tissues, cools the hot, throbbing muscles, dissolves the hard, calcareous matter that has collected in the joints, and it passes out of the system. Cures with Vitae-Ore are permanent and lasting. In severe cases crutches are often thrown away, never to be used again. It leaves the blood in perfect working order, its occasional use keeps it so, and the cure is sure and certain. Read the Vitae-Ore trial offer made in this issue by Theo. Noel, of Toronto.

Special Clubbing Offer.

'World Wide' and 'Northern Messenger,' one year each, only $1.00 for both. Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries excepting United States and its dependencies, also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Sadie's Conquest.

(Sara Virginia du Bois, in the 'Christian Intelligencer.')

It was a strange and mysterious looking box that the expressman left at the door that morning, addressed in a clear, distinct hand to Miss Sadie Allen, No. 4 Township Line. 'There's a quarter to pay on it, madam,' the expressman said as he handed her his official book.

'I hope it's worth a quarter,' said Sadie, laughingly, as the door closed and the family gathered about the box, wondering what it could contain.

'I'll soon show you,' said Walter, who was the family mechanic on all occasions. 'Wait till I get my tool chest, and I'll have the lid off in less than no time.'

'The box is comparatively light. I do not see why it should have been nailed so securely,' said Bess. 'Perhaps it's filled with greenbacks, Sadie, or railway bonds.'

'My hopes are not soaring very high,' answered Sadie, although her looks certainly did belie her words.

'Well, here it is, Sis,' said Walter a moment later, 'and there's a letter; if I'm not mistaken it's Aunt Jane's crabbed handwriting.'

'Oh, Walter, hush!' said Mrs. Allen, sternly, 'I do not want you to forget that however forbidding Aunt Jane may seem to you, yet still she is your father's eldest sister, and was once young like yourself.'

'She forgets it now,' laughed Walter. 'But what does she have to say, Sadie?' They gathered about her eagerly as she read:

'My dear Sadie:—I happened to remember that to-morrow is your birthday, and send you a little gift upon conditions. I remember you were not particularly industrious when I visited your home last winter, and spent most of your time over books, some of which I did not approve. The hands need to be trained as well as the intellect developed. This great ball of yarn I want you to work up into a winter shawl for my own use, and when it is finished I shall reward you as I see fit. As I am very susceptible to climatic changes, I shall want the shawl finished by September. With regards,

'Your Aunt Jane.'

Walter laughed and whistled almost in one breath, and Bess's face was full of suppressed mirth as she took the great ball in her hands.

'If it were only a prettier shade of yarn,' said Sadie. 'What color would you call it, mother?'

'Drab, I think,' she said smiling, 'although I am not sure, I never saw anything like it before.'

'It makes me think of the near approach of a funeral,' said Walter. 'Say, Sis, are you going to work it up?'

Sadie looked at her mother and then at the great ball of yarn. 'It is the first time I ever remember Aunt Jane making a request of me, and I dare not refuse her even if I would.' Then meeting her mother's eyes, she hastily added: 'Do not misunderstand me, little mother, I mean that every stitch shall be woven with love and good wishes.'

'But I thought you wanted all your spare time this summer to prepare for college,' said Bess. Sadie weighed the ball carefully in her hands before she answered: 'Well, yes, I did; but then it is doubtful if I can go, father may not be able to send me.'

'I do not see why she need impose this task on Sadie,' said Walter.

It was Sadie that answered now, and as she did so there was a new light in her eyes as she spoke. 'Father was speaking to me about Aunt Jane only last evening,' she said. 'You know how tenderly they love each other. He told me that she was not always as she is now, a great sorrow came into her life, and instead of living above it, she yielded to its depressing influence.'

'Then for the sake of old times, do it,' said Walter, as he put away his tools and gathered up his cap.

. . . . . .

It was surprising how slowly the ball lessened in size, but Sadie did not despair, and worked at her task with such pluck that mother often gave her a loving kiss and father a smile of approval. One day father gathered up the ball from the corner where it had rolled, and where Carratunk, the beautiful little angora kitten, had been playing a merry game with it. 'Getting near the end, dear; can you finish it to-day?' 'I shall finish it this evening, and to-morrow when you go into town, you will please deliver it for me.'

At ten o'clock that evening, as they were gathered about the library lamp, Sadie gave an exclamation which caused them all to turn in her direction.

'It's finished,' she said, 'and here at the very heart of the ball is another letter from Aunt Jane.'

'Let's hear it,' said Walter, folding his hands and smiling grimly. 'There's nothing like one of Aunt Jane's letters to cheer one up.'

'My dear Sadie: Open this little envelope, it contains your reward.'

'It's a lock of her hair, I know,' said Bess.

'Hush, children,' said father. 'Wait until she sees.' Sadie gasped, then held out toward her father a tiny slip of paper.

'It's a check for a thousand dollars,' said father, 'to defray college expenses. My dear sister, may God bless her.'

Sadie's voice was beyond control, but tears of joy were falling upon the shawl.

'How can I ever thank her,' she finally said.

'I am glad,' said father, 'that this labor was one of love and not of duty alone. If we would only show thought and tenderness for the eccentricities of others, we would often find that however much they may differ from us, they usually have a warm side to their natures.'

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at thirty cents each for one year, and receive a nice Bagster Bible, bound in black pebbled cloth with red edges, suitable for Sabbath or Day School. Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries, except United States and its dependencies; also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands and Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

The Walnut Tree That Wanted to Bear Tulips.

(Sarah E. Wiltse.)

Many years ago, when your grandmamma's grandmamma was a little girl, there stood a tall, young Walnut-Tree in the backyard of a tulip-dealer.

Now the Walnut thought he had never seen anything so beautiful as the little Tulips that were set out in the yard to be kissed by the Sun, who each day paid a visit of an hour to the Walnut.

The wonder is that the Sun did not stay longer to watch the pretty shadow-pictures which the Walnut began to make on the grass as soon as the Sun said 'Good morning.'

Another wonder is that the Walnut ever thought of looking down at the dear little Tulips, when he might have looked up at the greater Sun. But he did, and you and I will never know the why of a great many things, smaller even than that, until we go up higher, to be taught by the dear Friend who knows everything.

However, the Tulips were very lovely, I assure you, with their scarlet and golden cups.

One day a wonderful sister Tulip was brought out. What color was she, do you suppose?

'Crimson?'

'No.'

'Purple?'

'No.'

I am sure you will not be able to guess, so I will tell you.

She was black, and she was softer than velvet, and more glossy than satin.

When the Walnut saw this beautiful Tulip, every little leaf danced in the air for joy, and every little branch bent low. You've seen the trees bending to kiss the children and the flowers, that way, I am sure.

The Walnut did something else, which I will tell you, if you will promise not to tell the Hickory or the Chestnut. He dropped a little leaf at the Tulip's feet, which was written all over with a wonderful language that nobody but trees and flowers, birds and bees, and perhaps Mr. Tennyson or Mr. Kingsley, could read.

The Tulip did not seem to care for the little leaf or the letter written on it; and we cannot tell whether she sent an answer back to the Walnut or not. Be that as it may, the Walnut was not quite so happy after he sent the letter, but he began growing better.

And do you not think it wiser in our best Friend to make us good instead of happy, sometimes?

The Walnut used to say after this happened, 'I'll bear Tulips myself.'

How would a Walnut-Tree look with Tulips among its leaves?

You think that could never, never happen? We shall see.

Walnut struck its roots deeper, and spread its branches broader and broader, until he was quite wonderful to look upon. Sometimes the Wind used to hear

him singing something like this, which was set to the most beautiful, rustling little tune you ever heard:

'We'll bear Tulips yet;
Leaves and I can ne'er forget;
Roots, be not weary,
Heart, be thou cheery;
The blessing may tarry,
But we'll bear Tulips yet,—
Leaves, roots and heart, do not forget.'

A hundred years went by, but there were no Tulips among the leaves of the Walnut-Tree. A hundred years is a long time for trees to wait, is it not? We can afford to wait longer for some things than can the trees, for we never, never really and truly die. Now, at the end of those hundred years, this Walnut fell to singing another refrain, which the years had been teaching him:

'I bear no tulips yet;
And though I ne'er forget,
As thou wilt, aster, let it be;
Tulips or only leaves for me;
Still I will cheery be:
Do thou thy will with me;
Leaves, roots and heart, I yield to thee.'

This dear Walnut had been very brave and stout-hearted. He had left nothing undone which any Walnut-Tree could do, and he had grown very fine in fibre and perfect in form, so that one day a wood-carver said, 'That perfect tree is just what I want for my work.' The brave old Walnut was cut down and sawed and chipped; but he did not mind, for what do you suppose the wood-carver was making?

Black Tulips, to be sure.

You never saw any black Tulips?

Then I advise you to look sharply at every bit of wood carving you can find; for those very Tulips are somewhere, feeling very happy that they can bloom all the year round, while some of the Tulips we know have to sleep half the year at least.

The Tulips carved from the heart of the patient Walnut-Tree adorned the temple for which they were fashioned more years than the tree had struggled with the storms of its old life.

The carved petals grew darker with age, and the Walnut's heart of hearts became more peaceful with 'self-devotion and with self-restraint.' On Easter Day the altar was adorned with living Tulips, whose hearts were aflame with life and love; the cup of a splendid black Tulip was lifted to touch the dark wood of the carved altar, and the heart of the old Walnut throbbed with a divine discontent, which was so softened by divine patience that it hardly knew it sang:

'Father, I'm waiting yet,
Hoping thou'lt not forget.
Others I strive to bless,
Asking no happiness
But what thou wilt.
Carven and still I stand,
My life in thy dear hand.'

Thus it poured out its melody while the people worshipped, and when a misplaced candlestick set fire to the altar draperies, and the great cathedral shrivelled, then cracked in flames, the Walnut yielded its Tulips to the elements without fear, almost without hope, but with an infinite satisfaction in having given itself bravely and uncomplainingly to the Father's great plans, which must include a higher happiness for somebody than the heart of a Walnut could devise or perhaps even hold.

The ashes of the Walnut-Tree lay white and ghastly upon the charred earth; the dew gathered upon them, and the rain beat them deeper and deeper into the pitiless dust. At first, they lay in the form of Tulips, but the wind soon whirled the pale petal-shaped mass into pathetic shapelessness, and there lay the heart of the Walnut, forgotten of all but the unforgetting Father.

They yielded themselves now to Winter's frost and Summer's heat, with no will but to suffer, and with no hope but to bless unknown lives in this way, though only by enriching the earth for other blossoms.

A gardener passed that way, and, like the woodman of old, selected that which best served his purpose—the self-prepared earth. A Tulip bulb was buried in this beautiful soil, and by the beautiful chemistry of nature the Walnut-Tree found its carved, burned and storm-beaten heart transformed into the living beauty of a magnificent black Tulip.

Is not this enough—a hundred years of growth; a struggle with storms; a final fall beneath the woodman's ax; the sharp instrument of the wood-carver; the adorning of the temple; after which the flame and the frost; the loss of identity except to the Father; burial and final resurrection for one week of bloom in the color and in the form of a Tulip.

Nay, it is not enough, and the bright Tulip lifts its chalice, heart of Tulip answering to heart of child:

'There is no death; there is only change. Live for others while you keep your own good purpose unchanged as the unchanging Father's love; forget selfish aims, yielding your life to wiser plans than any one can imagine; and, like the Walnut-Tree, you will find at length a joy too deep for any language but that of blooming in sweet and sacred silence.'—'Stories and Morning Talks.'

How the Girl Settled the Question.

In the month of April there came to my ears a story: A fair young girl was a member of a church in a certain Western city. She loved a young man who was not a church-member, but who, with much fervor, paid her his respects.

And it came to pass that there was a ball to be given in the city, and the young man entreated his lady friend to accompany him thither. She was sorely tempted to yield to his importunities. But being a girl of real religious experience, and having great confidence in her pastor, she thought she had better take the difficulty to him.

Accordingly the next day she admitted herself unannounced into the parsonage and began unfolding the circumstances into the friendly pastor's ear.

'I'm in trouble,' she said.

'How's that, can't you get him?' answered the jesting preacher.

'Oh! it's not that,' said the girl, with a curt toss of the head and a flush of crimson mounting to her smiling face.

'There's going to be a ball,' she continued, 'and Charley wants me to attend, and I thought I would better come and get your permit.'

'Well, indeed!' said the pastor, surprisedly; 'I have no authority to give you a permit to attend a ball!'

'Why,' said she, 'I met another minister up-town, and he said he could give a permit to any one to attend a ball!'

'He did?—Well,—perhaps he owns a little church and can give such permits. But I don't own any little church myself. Now, I can advise you what to do.'

'How's that?' she queried.

'Go to your room and talk to Jesus an hour about it, and he will advise you what to do.'

'I'm afraid he won't let me go,' said the girl, with a chuckle, twisting and hiding her face; all of which was done with a half-serious air as though she were struggling with her own dubious ideas.

Nevertheless, the pastor prevailed, and she went to her room, locked the door, pulled down the blinds, bowed with her head on the edge of the bed, and pleaded with Jesus a whole hour.

The pastor was a very busy man, and the advice to the young girl dropped out of his mind. So when she stepped in a day or two later and said, with some emphasis, 'Well, I settled it,' he surprisedly, turned and retorted, 'What's that, are you going to get married?'

'Oh, no!' she said. 'About going to that ball!'

'Oh, oh, yes. Well, did you go?'

'No, I didn't want to go after an hour's earnest communion with Jesus. I never expect to go to a ball, and I told Charley so.'

'And what did he say?'

'He said I had lots of pluck, and if I said I didn't believe in going to a ball, he believed me. And he said he guessed he wouldn't go, either.'

With these remarks and a glad 'Good morning,' she was away toward her own home, doubtless entertaining many gracious thoughts, not the least of which dealt with Charley's own honest respect and tender regard for her belief and her religion.

Further concerning them, I do not know, but if I should indulge in speculation, I should guess that they have long since wedded, that the devoted wife is an unpretentious Christian, and that Charley has been converted, and that the two as one go marching along the pathway of life in sweetness of temper, loyal to God, pronounced in all their righteous convictions and getting to themselves the joy of life; to miss which is to miss all.—'Watchword.'

NORTHERN MESSENGER PREMIUMS

A reliable and handsome Fountain Pen, usually sold at $2.00, manufactured by Sandford & Bennett, New York, given to 'Messenger' subscribers for a list of six new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 30 cents each.

The People's Horse, Cattle, Sheep and Swine Doctor. This book gives a description of the diseases of the Horse, Cattle, Sheep and Swine, with exact doses of medicine. Usually sold at $1.00, will be given to 'Messenger' subscribers for a list of five new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 30 cents each.

BAGSTER'S MINION BIBLE, suitable for Church, Sabbath School or Day School. Each boy and girl reader of the 'Messenger' should possess one. Given for four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 30 cents each.

BAGSTER'S LONG PRIMER BIBLE — A handsome Bible, gilt edges, with the addition of 307 pages, containing the following Valuable Bible Helps, Concordance, Alphabetical Index, Maps, and Illustrations, with other aids to Bible study. Given to 'Messenger' subscribers for thirteen new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 30 cents each.

The Two Bridges.

Those who drink in moderation are inclined to scoff at those who believe in total abstinence from alcohol. But it is not better to drink in moderation than to abstain. Imagine two high rocks separated by water. One rock is inaccessible from the other, except by means of a thin, slippery plank, without even the worst of railings. When the wind blows this frail bridge rocks to and fro. Then imagine two other rocks, situated in the same manner, but with a strong bridge, with iron railings on either side. Those who go on the frail bridge consider themselves brave, and call those who use the strong bridge cowards. The former very seldom get across in safety, but generally fall into the abyss, where brave men are always waiting to throw out the life-line to those who are drowning. Those who keep to the strong bridge never fall, even when the wind blows very fiercely. Is it necessary to tell what these bridges represent? The dangerous bridge is moderation. Beware of it. The strong bridge is total abstinence. Keep to it, and abstain always, because 'Wine is a mocker, whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.' 'Look not thou upon the wine' (Prov. xxiii., 31). 'At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder '(Prov. xxiii., 32).—'The Temperance Leader and League Journal.'

A Frown and a Smile.

'Such a silly little, foolish little, naughty little frown—
Too small to do the slightest harm, you'd think,
Yet the naughty little frown frowned the nursery pleasure down,
And made a pleasant room as black as ink.
Nurse scolded—Jamie sighed—
Kitten ran and baby cried—
(You scarcely can believe it, but it's true),
Every smile was blotted out
With that naughty frown about—
Just think how much a little frown can do!

'Such a pleasant little, happy little, jolly little smile—
Too small to do the slightest good, you'd say,
Yet that happy little smile kept the nursery all the while
As cheerful as the sunshine and as gay.
Nurse was singing like a bird—
Baby cooed and kitten purred—
(You scarcely can believe it, but it's true),
Everywhere that small smile went
It brought pleasure and content—
Just think how much a little smile can do!'

—'The American Mother.'

Herman's Promptness.

'Her-mie!'

How Herman did hate to go! He was setting up a little water-wheel in the ditch and it was the greatest trial to leave it.

'Her-mie!'

Hermie's face drew up into a scowl. And then he remembered what father had said to him. 'Take good care of your mother, Herman, for she is sick and nervous, and any excitement may upset her.'

He dropped the windmill and ran to the porch where mother was calling.

'Hermie,' said mother in a worried tone, 'look off there toward the railway track. Do you see that smoke? That ought not to be there.'

Herman looked. Mother was so apt to be worried.

'It's only a little grass burning along the track. That's all right,' he urged, eager to get back to the water-wheel.

'Oh, but, Hermie, please go down and see that there isn't anything wrong,' begged mother. 'And, Hermie, don't you get hurt,' she added, in fresh terror.

'All right, mother. I'll see to it,' he answered, cheerily, and started off toward the track.

First he ran to please mother. Then he walked, for really it was foolish to make such a fuss over a common thing. Then as the flames came in sight he began to run again. What was it? No grass fire along the track could look like that. The long wooden bridge was burning. And in five minutes the train would be due!

'What shall I do?' panted poor Hermie, as he hurried up the steep railway grade. 'I must wave a red flag.'

But he had nothing to flag the train with and it was too far to run home. He stood a moment helplessly. Then the boy who could make water-wheels had ingenuity enough to think of a way out of worse difficulties. He pulled off his red blouse and waved it vigorously at the speck which approached in the distance. The engineer caught sight of the dancing little figure that waved the red blouse so frantically and brought the train to a standstill. The trainmen came clambering down to fight the fire. The passengers followed after, and the very first to come out of the coach was Herman's father.

'Oh, what would have happened if I had not come quick when mamma called!' Herman thought, with a shudder, as, happy in the possession of enough money to buy a steam engine that would really run he went back to his water-wheel.

A First Sight of One's Mother

A minister living in an Indian village received a call once from a parishioner:

'Will you go to Indianapolis for me?' he asked. 'We have decided to send Johnnie there for an operation. We have received encouragement that he might yet be able to see.'

Johnnie had been born without sight, and now a lad of six, bright and sunny, and hardly realizing that he lacked anything to make life happy, he was facing a future of darkness, little hope having till now been given to his parents that anything could be done for his eyes.

'Go with my wife and Johnnie,' said the father. 'I cannot go: I dare not go. But stay with her till it is over, and either rejoice with us or comfort us, and send me word as fast as the lightning can fetch it.'

The minister went and stayed with the lad. The oculist, not over confident, began his work, and persevered till, with a thrill of triumph in his tone, he said:

'The boy will see.'

The glad wire tingled with the message to the father. The minister, with the overjoyed mother, retired to wait for the time when the bandaged eyes could bear light enough for the first look at the beautiful world.

At last came the notification of the expected test. In the dimly lighted room the mother and the minister stood breathless, while the doctor carefully raised the shade. The little lad, overwhelmed by the sudden possession of a new sense, cast a bewildered look from one to another of the three.

'Johnnie,' said the minister, 'this is your mother.' The little arms went up and clasped her neck, the happy boy verifying this new sense by those already tested. Caressing the loving face he saw leaning above him, he cried, 'O mother! Is this really you, or is it heaven?'

It was indeed like a glimpse into heaven.

'I felt,' said the minister, 'as if I witnessed something of the glad bewilderment of a newly translated soul in its first sight of the face of our Heavenly Father.' —'Youth's Companion.'

The Absolutism of the Czars.

When Prince Bismarck was Prussian ambassador at the court of Alexander II., he was one day standing with the Czar at a window of the Peterhof Palace, when he observed a sentinel in the centre of the lawn with apparently nothing whatever to guard. Out of curiosity he inquired of the Czar why the man was stationed there. Alexander turned to an aide-de-camp:

'Count ——,' said he, 'why is that soldier stationed there?'

'I do not know, your imperial majesty.' The Czar frowned. 'Send me the officer in command,' he said.

The officer appeared. 'Prince ——, why is a sentinel stationed on that lawn?'

'I do not know, your majesty.'

'Not know?' cried the Czar, in surprise; 'request then the general commanding the troops at Peterhof to present himself immediately.'

The general appeared. 'General,' said the Czar, 'why is that soldier stationed in yonder isolated place?'

'I beg leave to inform your majesty that it is in accordance with an ancient custom,' replied the general evasively.

'What was the origin of the custom?' inquired Bismarck.

'I-I do not at present recollect,' stammered the officer.

'Investigate, and report the result,' said Alexander. So the investigation began, and after three days and nights of incessant labor, it was ascertained that some eighty years before, Catherine II., looking out one spring morning from the windows of this palace of Peterhof, observed in the centre of this lawn, the first Mayflower of the season, lifting its delicate head above the lately frozen soil.

She ordered a soldier to stand there to prevent its being plucked. The order was inscribed upon the books; and thus for eighty years in summer and in winter, in sunshine and in storm, a sentinel had stood upon that spot, no one apparently, until the time of Bismarck, caring to question the reason of his so doing! Such was, and is, the absolutism of the government of the Czars!—Lydia Hoyt Farmer.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

Saved in a Basket, or Daph and Her Charge.

CHAPTER IX.—Continued

With this promise again repeated, Rose kissed the children, and, with a murmured word of comfort to Daph, passed from the room.

Not so soon passed away the influence of that visit prompted by Christian kindness, rich in blessings to the humble negress; most precious to that young disciple of Christ, who had learned to love to be 'about her Master's business.'

CHAPTER X.

STRANGE PROCEEDINGS.

Day after day Rose Stuyvesant continued her ministry of love to Daph and the little ones. The hour of her morning visit was watched for, and hailed with joy; and well it might be, for she brought with her the sweet influence of a loving heart and an earnest and devoted spirit.

The children were, as usual, looking eagerly out for her one morning, about a week after her first appearance in their humble home. Daph, who was once more on her feet, was moving about with a step a little more languid than usual, trying, as she said, 'to make the place look a little more fitsome for the sweet young lady to sit down in.' Charlie, who was perched on a chair beside his sister, and had his nose pressed from time to time flat against the window, and had drawn all sorts of strange characters with his fat fingers, in the dampness left by his breath against the pane, at length had his attention suddenly arrested. 'Oh, Lou!' he shouted, 'look this way on the steps! there's that ugly, old, bad doctor, that cut dear Daffy's arm, and two big men with him.'

'Good doctor, Charlie!' said Daph; 'he wanted to make Daffy well, but he didn't jus' know how. It took Miss Rose wid her sweet holy words to do Daph good.'

'He's an old, bad doctor, I say, and he shan't come in,' said Charlie, springing towards the door, as the voice of the doctor sounded in the hall, and his hand touched the latch. The sturdy little figure of the boy, resolutely backed up against the door, was but a small obstacle in the way of the strong hands that forced it instantly open.

'For shame, Mass' Charlie! Let the young genman in!' said Daph, as she came forward, dropping a curtsey. 'I'se quite well, sir, to-day,' she continued, 'and I'se mighty tankful for you being so uncommon willing to do somewhat for to cure Daph, for by her arm do be a little stiff for de cuttin' you gib it de oder day.'

'He's an old, bad man to hurt Daffy, and I ain't glad to see him a bit,' said Charlie, with an angry look.

'Do your work. This is the woman!' said the slender young doctor, turning to the stout men he had brought with him.

A strong hand was laid on each shoulder of the astonished Daph, and a rough voice said, 'Come with us, old woman!'

'I isn't goin' to do no such thing,' said she, with an indignant glance. 'What for is I goin' to waste my time goin' wid them as I has no business wid? Perhaps you doesn't know what manners is, to be laying hands on a poor nigger dis way. Take your big hands off! I'se my missus' children to look after, and we's would be glad to habe dis bit of a room to ourselves!'

Daph had not spoken very rapidly, but even as the indignant words forced themselves out of her mouth, she was hurried towards the door.

'You'd better do your talking now,' said one of the men, coarsely, 'for before half an hour's over you'll be locked up where nobody'll hear you if you holler till you are hoarse.'

Daph began to struggle violently, and the sinewy men who held her were well nigh compelled to relinquish their grasp.

'Is you a genman, doctor,' she said desperately, at last; 'is you a genman, and stand still and see a poor woman treated dis way?'

'You are only getting your deserts,' said little Dr. Bates, drawing himself up and trying to look dignified. 'You are to be tried for stealing, and for the other awful crimes which your own conscience can best count over to you; and be sure the severest punishment of the law awaits you!'

'Is that all?' said Daph, her spirit rising. 'Carry me to any real genman, and it would take more liars than ever grew to prove any such like things against poor Daph. I'se not a bit afeared to go wid you, for sartan I'se be back soon 'nough.'

The children, who had at first been struck with silent astonishment, now began to realize that Daph was actually going from them. Louise burst into a violent fit of weeping, and clung to the unfortunate negress, while Crarlie, with an uplifted wash basin, made a sudden attack upon the slender legs of Dr. Bates, which broke up his dignified composure, and made him give a skip that would have done honor to a bear dancing on a hot iron plate.

'No Mass' Charlie, I'se do be ashamed,' said Daph, subduing the grin that had suddenly overspread her face. 'De young genman don't know no better! 'Taint likely he ever had anybody to teach him! You jus' let him be, Mass' Charlie, and tend to your own sister Miss Lou, here. Don't cry, pretty dear, Daph will be back soon. De Lord won't let them hurt Daph! You be jus' good children and dat sweet Miss Rose will comfort you till Daph comes home.'

The last words were hardly uttered when the negress was forced into a long, covered waggon, and rapidly borne away from the door. At this moment Mary Ray ran, breathlessly, up the steps, exclaiming:—'Where have they taken Daph, mother? Mother, what is the matter?'

'Matter enough,' said Mrs. Ray, vehemently. 'Who could have told it would have ended that way! I am sure I never meant any such thing. Daph's gone to prison; and just as likely I shall never hear the end of it, and have the children upon my hands, into the bargain. Well, well; I wish I'd never set eyes on that bad man, Dr. Bates.'

The bitter reproaches that rose to Mary's lips were hushed at the mention of the children; and she hastened to comfort them as well as she could, while Mrs. Ray went back to her kitchen in no very enviable frame of mind.

CHAPTER XI.

ANOTHER FRIEND.

'Dis don't be the cleanest place in de world!' said Daph to herself, as she looked round the small, bare room, into which she had been thrust. 'Well,' she continued, 'de Lord Jesus do be everywhere, and Daph no reason to be above stayin' where such as he do set foot. But den de childen! What's to become of de childen?'

Here Daph's resolution gave way, and she had a hearty cry. 'Daph, you do be a wicked creter,' she said to herself, at length. Jus' as if de Lord Jesus didn't love little children ebber so much better dan you can! He's jus' able hisself to take care ob de dears; and Daph needn't go for to fret herself 'bout dem.'

(To be continued.)

Your Own Paper Free.

'Northern Messenger' subscribers may have their own subscriptions extended one year, free of charge, by remitting sixty cents for two new subscriptions.

Any one of the many articles in 'World Wide' will give three cents' worth of pleasure. Surely, ten or fifteen hundred such articles during the course of a year are well worth a dollar.

'Northern Messenger' subscribers are entitled to the special price of seventy-five cents.

'World Wide.'

A weekly reprint of articles from leading journals and reviews reflecting the current thought of both hemispheres.

So many men, so many minds. Every man in his own way.—Terence.

The following are the contents of the issue of Feb. 13, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

The Outbreak of War—Japanese Victories.
Japan Gives Her Reasons—From Tokio—New York 'Evening Post.'
Russia's Side Presented—From St. Petersburg—New York 'Evening Post.'
The Russo-Japanese War from an American Point of View—The Chicago 'Journal.'
Japanese Heroes—A Soldier and a Sailor—'Globe and Commercial Advertiser,' New York.
Russia's Expansion—Her Policy in Fertile Manchuria—M. W. H., in the New York 'Sun.'
A Field Day with the Mikado's Troops—Sir Edwin Arnold, in the 'Daily Telegraph,' London.
Russia's Fighting Machine—The Czar's Army and Navy—The 'Sun,' New York.
The Social and Political Condition of Russia—Its Influence on the Outcome of the War—By George Kennan, in the 'Outlook,' New York.
Etiquette and the East—The 'Saturday Review,' London.
The Doom that Hangs Over the Shah—By Everard Cotes, the Correspondent of the London 'Daily Mail,' in the Persian Gulf.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

Musical Criticism: The Difficulties of the Programme Annotator—By Ernest Newman, in the 'Speaker,' London.
Art in Furnishing: On Sculpture—By Mrs. George Tweedie, in the 'Onlooker,' London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

When in Disgrace—Sonnet by Shakespeare.
Old Herrick: A Subject for St. Valentine's Day—The New York 'Times Saturday Review.'
Two Singers—Christina Rossetti and Elizabeth Barrett Browning—The 'Daily News,' London.
The Man Who Knew Everybody—The 'Creevey Papers' 'T. P.'s Weekly,' London.
'Veins of Pure Gold'—By A. A. Jack, in the 'Daily News,' London.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Towards Social Amelioration—By Sir Oliver Lodge, in the 'Commonwealth,' London.
The Larger Reference—By J. B., in the 'Christian World,' London.
Individuality Among Animals—The 'Commercial Advertiser,' New York.
A Song of Real Difficulty—'Punch,' London.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON.

'World Wide'

BUT, Subscribers to the 'Messenger' may have 'World Wide' at the specially reduced rate of 75 Cents,

Will be sent to any address for twelve months for $1.00.

by sending this coupon, or they can have the 'Messenger' and 'World Wide' for 12 months on trial, the two papers for a dollar bill.
JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, Montreal.

The Green Marble.

(By Mrs. F. M. Howard, in 'Christian World.')

Mary Ellen loved marbles. She had a little yellow bag with a draw-string run into the hem, and she had more marbles in it than she could count, still she wanted more, and when her mother called her in to do an errand for her one day she begged for a nickel to buy marbles with in payment.

'Run along fast then,' said Mrs. Pierson, 'for Nora is in a hurry for the raisins.' Mary Ellen had on her pretty pink dress with the ruffles over the shoulders, and a hat with long sash ends which streamed out behind her when she ran, so she felt very good and obedient, and skipped away so briskly that the wind carried her hat ribbons out like banners.

She gave her orders at the grocer's, then went into the drug store where a large jar stood on the shelf, filled with marbles. Her nickel would buy five of the handsome glass ones which she liked, but as the druggist turned them out she found six that she was sure she must have, they were all so lovely.

'Which will you have?' asked the druggist. He was getting tired waiting for Mary Ellen to choose between the green marble and the pink mottled one which she held in her greedy little hand, and another customer was coming.

'Please, sir, I want them all,' said Mary Ellen.

The druggist laughed, for he had a little girl at home of his own, 'Pick out the five you like best, sissy, and drop the other into the jar,' he said as he tossed her nickel into the drawer, and went to wait on the other customer. She was all alone, and the two marbles looked more and more beautiful as she tried to choose between them. Four had already been slipped into her pocket, and but one more was honestly hers.

Poor Mary Ellen, she had never taken anything which did not belong to her in all her life before, but—oh, they were so pretty—and there was no one there to see—and she turned and fled from the store with a very red face and with six marbles in her pocket. It was a very unhappy little girl who went slowly into the pleasant sitting-room where mother was hemming the strings for her new white apron.

'Did you buy your marbles, Mary Ellen?'

'Yes, ma'am.' All the marbles but one came out of her pocket.

'They are real pretty, but what ails you, child? Does your head ache?'

'No, ma'am.'

'Did you leave the order?'

'Yes, ma'am.'

Mary Ellen went out to the barn and took the green marble from her pocket. It did not look nearly so green and pretty as it had in the store, and the little girl most heartily wished it was back there again, safe in the jar. A little girl friend came to visit her a few days later, and she gave it to her, hoping to lighten her mind of its trouble.

'Why,' said the little friend in surprise, 'it's the very prettiest one you have. I wouldn't think you would give it away.'

'I don't care very much for it,' replied Mary Ellen, with a thankful heart, as she saw it going into her friend's apron pocket. A week after the little friend came back with the marble.

'I guess I don't want it,' she said. 'It's always rolling away and getting lost. I think it is homesick for you.'

Mary Ellen tried to laugh at the funny idea, but with a very sick heart; she was again the unwilling owner of a green glass marble.

She tried to lose it, but some one would always come running with, 'Here's your green marble, Mary Ellen,' until she hated the very thought of it.

Mr. Sanborn, the druggist, was a friend of Mr. and Mrs. Pierson, and often came to the house for a friendly call, and Mary Ellen had always liked him and enjoyed his visits. She saw him at the gate one day, and almost shrieked aloud, in her fear that he had come to complain to her mother of the wicked little girl who had come to his store and stolen a marble, and she slunk away as fast as she could and hid in the barn.

'Why, Mary Ellen, I was really ashamed of you,' said her mother after the caller had gone, and the guilty little girl had come in.

'Mr. Sanborn likes to hear you say your verses, and I wanted you to sing that nice little song for him which you had learned.'

Mary Ellen hung her head, and made no reply. She could never sing for Mr. Sanborn again, she knew, with that naughty heart of hers throbbing so fast and hard, and after that she would go a block out of her way rather than meet him or pass his store.

Mrs. Pierson awoke one night in alarm. Mary Ellen was moaning and crying in her cot, her face flushed, her hands hot with fever. Don't take me to jail, please, don't, Mr. Sanborn. I stole your marble, but here it is. The green one ——' and then her heavy eyes opened to look up into her mother's anxious face.

'You will take it back to Mr. Sanborn, and tell him how sorry I am,' she sobbed after the story of her naughty act was told, and all of the sorrow and shame it had cost her.

Mary Ellen was a very sick little girl for many days, and even after kind Mr. Sanborn had sent her a bag of cool, sweet oranges as a token of his entire forgiveness, the green marble haunted her dreams. She never cared to play with her marbles after she was well again, and never, never, never did she take anything which did not belong to her.

The Marshal of the City of Refuge.

(By Frederick Hall, in 'S.S. Times.')

When he reached the fence, Toggles stopped before the sign that he and grandpa had nailed there the day they made the farm a City of Refuge for the birds. He read it through again:

TRESPASS IF YOU WANT TO
BUT DON'T HARM THE BIRDS

The summer was almost over; it was what grandpa called Indian summer now, and Toggles had been thinking that he and the birds had had a very good time of it. Among

chose he liked most was the beautiful bird that grandpa called a golden robin, and mama a Baltimore oriole, and whose wonderful nest was swung like a tiny hammock from the branch of the big walnut-tree on the edge of the orchard.

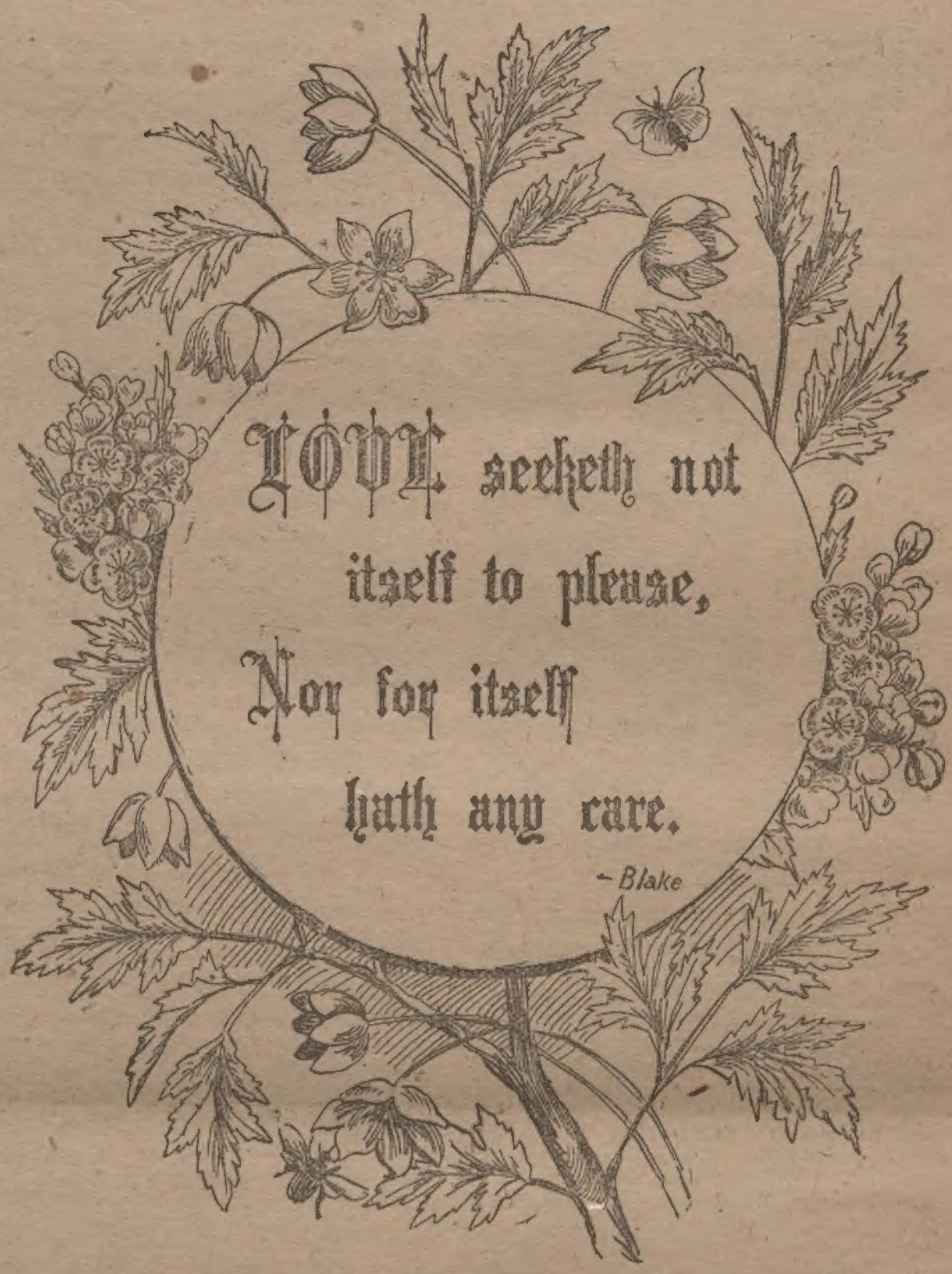
He was just thinking of him when he came into the woods, and saw, just a little way ahead, the man with the green tin box. The man had not seen Toggles, for he had his back turned. Toggles thought he might be a soldier or a sailor, he walked so straight; but maybe he thought that only on account of the cap and the field-glasses. The man was going toward the orchard, and Toggles followed him, keeping out of sight, but watching closely; for, being the Marshal of the City of Refuge, it was his business to see what a stranger was doing on his grandpa's farm.

The man was walking slowly. Once he stopped to pull some leaves and put them in the green tin box, and several times he whistled—so like a bird that, when the real birds answered him, Toggles could hardly tell the difference. Then he came out by the big walnut, laid the green tin box and the field-glasses down on the ground, and, throwing off his coat, began climbing the tree.

Toggles had never seen a grown man climb a tree before, and he watched eagerly, very much surprised and interested, until he saw him swing to the limb from which hung the oriole's nest, and take out his knife; and then he suddenly wished he were big enough to take hold of the tree and shake it until the man should come tumbling down like a ripe apple.

He was so very angry that he never stopped to think of anything but the outrage to the oriole, and, when the man reached the ground with the nest in his hand, he walked straight up to him, his eyes blazing, and the words fairly tumbling over one another in their eagerness to get out and tell his indignation.

(To be continued.)



Dainty Grace.

'I don't see how it is that Grace Morton always looks so much nicer than I do,' Nora Ames complained to her mother one day. 'I'm sure her clothes are not any better than mine, and not nearly as pretty.'

'Have you ever noticed,' asked Mrs. Ames, 'how dainty Grace is in small things? For instance, her hands are always clean, and her nails match well. Then her teeth are brushed as white as they can be, her hair is always smoothly and neatly arranged, and her shoes are buttoned to the top, and not a single one missed.'

Nora colored as she followed her mother's glance down to the shoes on her own small feet, and saw that every other button had been left unfastened.

'I suppose I might have buttoned them all,' she said slowly; 'and brushed my hair a little more, and washed my hands cleaner. Do you really think, mamma, that it is attending to these small things that makes Grace always look so nice?' Nora added earnestly.

'I feel sure it is, dear,' replied Mrs. Ames. 'Each one of us ought to take a pride in his personal appearance, doing his best to keep neat and attractive. No matter how expensively a child may be attired, she will not look well if these minor details are not attended to. I shall never forget once seeing a lady enter a car in which I was seated, with ungloved hands that were almost loaded down with beautiful rings, but which, I felt sure, had not felt the touch of water that day, and her nails were in like condition.'

'After this, mamma, I am going to try and be neat and clean in every way,' Nora promised thoughtfully.

'I wish you would, dear,' said the mother smilingly. 'Then it will be "dainty Nora," as well as "dainty Grace."' — 'Weekly Welcome.'

Out of 591 scholars examined in a large school in Leipsic, Germany, only 134 were innocent of the taste of alcohol.

LESSON X.—MARCH 6.

Jesus Calms the Storm.

Mark iv., 35-41.

Golden Text.

He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Ps. cvii., 29.

Home Readings.

Monday, Feb. 29.—Mark iv., 35-41.
Tuesday, March 1.—Matt. viii., 28-34.
Wednesday, March 2.—Ps. cvii., 21-31.
Thursday, March 3.—Nah. i., 1-15.
Friday, March 4.—Ps. lxv., 1-13.
Saturday, March 5.—Acts xxvii., 21-26, 32-36.
Sunday, March 6.—Matt. xiv., 22-33.

35. And the same day, when the even was come, he saith unto them, Let us pass over unto the other side.

36. And when they had sent away the multitude, they took him even as he was in the ship. And there were also with him other little ships.

37. And there arose a great storm of wind, and the waves beat into the ship, so that it was now full.

38. And he was in the hinder part of the ship, asleep on a pillow: and they awake him, and say unto him, Master, carest thou not that we perish?

39. And he arose, and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace, be still. And the wind ceased, and there was a great calm.

40. And he said unto them, Why are ye so fearful? how is it that ye have no faith?

41. And they feared exceedingly, and said one to another, What manner of man is this, that even the wind and the sea obey him?

INTRODUCTION.

After Jesus had taught his new disciples as much as he thought was necessary for the time being, he started with them on his second missionary tour through Galilee. The little band had grown from four, who went with him on the first tour, to twelve. His popularity was steadily increasing, and with it the bitterness of his enemies.

THE LESSON STUDY.

Verses 35, 36. 'On that day': A day of teaching on the lake shore, described in the first part of this chapter. It was the day on which he had spoken the parables of the sower, the lamp, the wheat and the tares, the leaven and other parables of the nature of the kingdom and how it should grow. 'When even was come': It was at the close of a long, hard day. Jesus was too sensitive, tender-hearted and sympathetic to reach the close of such a day without being thoroughly tired; there was the speaking to the crowd—not altogether sympathetic—and the listening to the stories of the poor and friendless who always thronged to him, the healing of the many who were sick and the constant sight of degradation, sin and suffering. His life was not an easy one, even at the height of his popularity. 'Let us go over unto the other side': To get away from the crowds: when he was with them he could not rest and his human endurance had been taxed to the utmost. He must have rest and quiet and time to think and pray in order to be ready for another day of service. 'Even as he was': He had been seated in a large fishing boat anchored out a few feet from shore while he taught the people. His disciples simply manned the boat he was in and put off. Like most fishing boats, it was probably rigged with a sail for use when the wind permitted, and was rowed at other times. 'Other boats': Which had crowded up around his boat as he taught the people on the shore. Night was coming on, and yet people were so anxious to see and hear this wonderful man that they started off with him across the lake.

Verses 37, 38. 'A great storm of wind': Small lakes, especially if they are surrounded by high hills, are always subject to sudden squalls. The Sea of Galilee lay at the bottom of a very deep valley, 680 feet below the level of the Mediterranean Sea. The rugged hills that rise abruptly on both sides of the little lake are broken by huge gorges through which the wind sweeps down in whirls and eddies upon the water. The tropical heat of the valley partly accounts for the suddenness and fury of these storms. 'The waves beat into the boat': It is harder for a boat to live in a sea of choppy, white-capped waves, on a little lake, than on the mountainous swells of the ocean. 'Was now filling': Of course the boat was well handled, for many of the disciples were professional fishermen, and knew every inch of the lake from years of life upon it, but the boat was not large and was heavily loaded and could not afford to ship much water. 'In the stern, asleep on the cushion': Mark does not say 'on "a" cushion,' but 'on "the" cushion:' he is naming a part of the ship—perhaps the small deck across the stern on which the steersman sat, but certainly no soft pillow. That Jesus could sleep in such a place and under such circumstances shows how utterly weary he must have been. 'They awake him, and say unto him,' etc.: They were fishermen and their home was on the sea, but they were helpless in such a storm as this and thoroughly frightened—and fishermen are not quick to admit that they are frightened. 'Carest thou not that we perish': 'An appeal with a touch of reproach in it.'

Ver. 39-41. Mark's account of the stilling of the storm is most impressive in its simplicity. 'The wind ceased, and there was a great calm': What silence is there that can compare with the silence that follows the raging storm? The waves sink back like tired creatures grown drowsy after their madness—that meaning is in the word translated 'ceased'; there is absolute stillness on the water broken only by the distant mutterings of the flying storm: 'There was a great calm.' This was the most impressive and awe-inspiring moment in the lives of the astounded disciples. The words that broke the silence they could never forget. 'Why are ye fearful': As if he were surprised and disappointed that they had been afraid; he would not have wondered at a panic in some of the other boats, but these were his disciples, his closest friends. 'Have ye not yet faith': 'Not yet'—how long would it take,—how much would they have to see of him to learn to trust him perfectly! Of course they did trust him in a way and he knew that, but it hurt him to see the trust was not complete. 'They feared exceedingly': They were awe-stricken; never before had men seen what they had just seen; and what did it mean? Who was this who was master of the elements themselves. They realized that they had not begun to fathom the mystery of his being. 'What did it all mean?' they asked themselves, and they probably never fully understood till after the resurrection.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, March 6.—Topic—How Christ stills the storms of life. Ps. cvii., 23-31.

Junior C. E. Topic.

THE TOWER OF BABEL.

Monday, Feb. 29.—God's blessing on Noah. Gen. ix., 1-7.

Tuesday, March 1.—A covenant and a rainbow. Gen. ix., 8-17.

Wednesday, March 2.—A rebellious generation. Ps. lxxxviii., 8.

Thursday, March 3.—Against God's words. Ps. cvii., 11, 12.

Friday, March 4.—'Not walk in his ways.' Isa. xlii., 24.

Saturday, March 5.—'In their own counsels.' Ps. lxxxi., 11, 12.

Sunday, March 6.—Topic—Lessons from the Tower of Babel. Gen. xi., 1-9.

The Tact That Counts.

(John Mervin Hull, in 'Westminster Teacher.')

All Sunday-school teachers are anxious to have the confidence of their scholars. They want to feel that there is no barrier between teacher and scholar, and that the scholar will come to the teacher without reserve, as to a true friend. But sometimes the teacher finds it hard to establish this happy relationship, and wonders if there are any methods that will be at all helpful to this end. A practical illustration is better than general advice, and a short time ago I had the opportunity of observing in a few minutes some incidents that revealed a great deal about the methods of a once very successful teacher, who is now the superintendent of the intermediate department in a large Sunday-school. We met unexpectedly in the public library, and I took the opportunity to mention some things about Sunday-school work. While we were speaking together a good many boys and girls from the public schools came in after books. It seemed to me that my friend saw every one of these young people, and in some way gave a greeting to every one that she knew. To some she gave just a nod and a pleasant smile; she was a little more particular to speak to the boys than to the girls; to one she spoke particularly, and the conversation revealed that the girl had been sick. One girl beamed like the rising sun the moment she saw my friend, and coming up she said, 'Oh, Mrs. Parker, it was awfully lovely to let us come to your house last Monday; we had "such" a delightful time!' Of course, she ought not to have said 'awfully lovely,' but her gratitude and appreciation were none the less evident. And in all the actions of the children it was manifest that they prized not only what was done for them, but especially the privilege which they had of acquaintance with a true lady. This was particularly evident when I told my friend that I would like to consult some books in the library, where I was a stranger. She took me to the desk and introduced me to a high-school boy, who was acting as assistant librarian, as her friend. I could see that I immediately took a high place in that boy's estimation, and he was most courteous to me, and did everything he possibly could to get the books that I wished to consult. I was his teacher's friend, and that was enough.

Now, is there any principle on which these things are founded, any way by which others may attain to the same success? I think there is, and I believe that it is found in the motto, 'Put yourself in his place.' Learn to look at things from the point of view of the boys and girls. In other words, apply the Golden Rule to your work as a Sunday-school teacher.

In presenting a lesson, do not undervalue the background. 'Wrap that trimming in black paper, and always show it upon the paper,' was the word given to a girl at the counter. I heard an artist eulogized as 'an expert in backgrounds.' The young mind quickly notes contrasts. Just as the very infant discerns the difference between a dark and a bright colored object and reaches eagerly for the latter, so the mind of youth grasps at once the contrast between the morally dark and the morally bright, even if it be not ready to make the choice. Then make very dark the hatred and malice of man that you may the more clearly unfold the love of Jesus.—Prof. Dager.

A Victory

(A. McG., in the 'Evangelical Visitor.')

Shortly after my conversion I was convicted of the evil of using tobacco. Hoping that the story of my victory may be helpful to others, I here give it.

Having read of a lady fainting through inhaling tobacco fumes from the person of a guest at her table, I expressed my doubts as to the possibility of such a thing happening. I was assured that there was an offensive odor from a confirmed smoker, and one lady claimed that she was often rendered deathly sick by the stench from her own husband. I was not convinced, however, until I asked a young sister that was teaching in our district, if she could notice any disagreeable taint from myself. I shall not soon forget the sensation that came over me, as she stopped in the roadway, and with all the energy she could command exclaimed, 'Why, Mr. McG—you smell horribly.' That was the first arrow of conviction, and I am thankful that the dart was sent home by an earnest, loving heart. In common with all true men, I desired to be gentlemanly and cleanly in my life, and here I was being told by one young enough to be my own daughter that I was offensive to those with whom I came in contact. Until now I had been blinded to its evil effects, and was prejudiced against all attacks upon that which I thought was as necessary to me as food. How the pleasures of sense and the love of our own will, do prejudice the mind against the leadings of the Holy Spirit as he seeks to show what is for our best good. But now my prejudice was swept away, and I became as at conversion, like a little child and listened in humility to the Holy Spirit as he showed me how my usefulness was impaired by this habit and the need of being freed from it. And now commenced a struggle which made me intensely miserable whilst the battle was on, but when victory came what joy was mine, and what a closer union had taken place between Jesus and myself. I sought deliverance from him who had so wonderfully delivered me from other habits at my conversion, and yet deliverance did not come. I prayed and put away the evil out of my life and resolved that never more would I use it, and yet at the end of a few days, I would have to resume its use, for my whole nervous system craved the accustomed poison. Again I would pray and again get a temporary victory in my own strength of will, and again failure would follow.

During those waiting days my motives for seeking deliverance became purified and my eyes were more fully opened to the far-reaching evil of this habit. I saw a father punishing his child for smoking, and yet at the very time the father was doing the same thing himself. I saw children hiding away to enjoy the forbidden thing, the use of which they had themselves learned from their own relatives. I heard a neighbor complain that children had broken into his house to obtain tobacco. I thus saw that the example that grown-up people were setting was making liars and thieves of their own children, who moreover soon threw off all disguise and quickly drifted into more open and unblushing sin. Then I was shown that as long as I continued to misspend on that unnecessary and harmful habit, I was withholding from the Lord, and that I could never experience the blessedness of true giving to his cause until I had denied my selfish appetite. Many other reasons were shown me why a follower of Jesus should be free from this habit, but space forbids details. For two months I was under continual conviction, and yet although almost constantly praying and struggling against its use, I was a greater slave than ever. During this time I was being taught more thoroughly the lesson of my own helplessness. There came a day when I came to an end of all confidence in myself and my own powers, and then it was that the Spirit turned defeat into victory by leading me to commit the battle altogether to Jesus. The Spirit spoke to me; his words were, 'Then you confess you cannot save yourself?' I knew he was referring to the tobacco habit and so I replied, 'Yes, if my will power has to save me, even helped by prayer, it cannot be done.' The Holy Spirit again spoke, 'Yes, but Jesus came to save the weak-willed people as well as the strong-willed and he can save you.' Do not misunderstand me; the questions were asked and the message given from a Personality distinct from myself, and was not the outcome of my own reflections. In fact, the conversation was sprung upon me suddenly, at a time when my own thoughts were not engaged upon the matter. I heard the words And I replied as I would have answered any friend who might have spoken to me.

Truly, the Spirit does reveal the things of Christ to the believer, and as I heard the encouraging words fresh hope and confidence in Jesus animated me. Once more I threw the tobacco away and sought his deliverance. Hardly had I risen from my prayer before I thought of more tobacco in my possession. This I threw away, in spite of the intense craving I had to once more satisfy my appetite. With this craving upon me I knelt and just cast this burden upon Jesus. I was conscious that I had come to the end of my own resources and that it was his part to deliver and my part to trust; and there and then the appetite left me. I retired to rest and slept undisturbed by any cravings, although the night before I had been awakened several times by the fierceness of my desire for tobacco, and had to go downstairs and satisfy this unnatural craving. The next morning I awoke with such a glorious and complete sense of freedom that I almost shouted aloud my praises to 'the Lion of Judah,' who can indeed 'break every chain and give us the victory again and again.' How thankful I was that I had kept up the struggle till victory came; how thankful I am to-day that I did so, for it has given me openings to testify to the saving power of Jesus, in a way in which I could not do, if I was in bondage to this or kindred vices. Twelve years have gone into the past since the night that the Lord freed me from tobacco; years in which I have never desired to return to its use; years in which I have over and over again thanked the dear Lord for his deliverance; thanked him for the lesson this deliverance taught me, of ceasing from my own works and letting him work his own will in me. If there are any souls experiencing defeat and yet praying for victory, I hope the above will encourage them to persevere, for sooner or later they will surely be led into the place of victory.

A Michigan Banker's Distress

A banker in Allegan County, Mich., three or four yeas ago voted to license the saloons, and they were brought back into the county. A little while ago ex-Senator Humphrey was at a hotel in Allegan, and looking out he saw the banker walking back and forth in front of the hotel barroom and looking in when anyone opened the door. The senator went out and spoke to the banker.

The banker said: 'Senator, I am uneasy about my boy. Do you think he may be in the saloon? Did you see anything of him?'

'Yes, I saw him in the back room of the saloon playing cards and drinking,' replied Senator Humphrey.

The father seemed speechless for a moment, and then from a heart full of distress he cried out, 'O God! how shall I save my boy from ruin!'

'You have a grave problem to solve.'

'I would give half I am worth to destroy every saloon in the country,' said the banker.

'Ah! It seems cruel to remind you of it now, but you should have come to that conclusion when we wanted you to join in the fight to keep them out of the county. Now they have your boy, and I do not know what you can do. May God help you.'

The Rev. Dr. John F. Hill, in recounting this incident, added:

'At a public meeting, where appeal was being made for funds to forward some effort in behalf of the young, the speaker declared that if but a single boy were saved, the hundred thousand dollars asked for would be well expended. When a friend inquired if he had not spoken rather hastily, he replied: "No, not if it was my boy." '—'Ram's Horn.'

Ten Little Temperance Boys.

[Tune, 'Ten Little Nigger Boys.' Boys to come forward one by one out of a row of ten at back of platform. All join in the Chorus.]

1—One little Temperance boy donn'd the ribbon blue,
2—Asked another boy to join, and then there were just two.

Chorus—One little, stout little, brave little, wise little, staunch little Temperance boy.
Two little, &c.

3—Two little Temperance boys started off in glee,
And talked so well to Johnny Bright that quickly there were three.
Three little, &c.

4—Three little Temperance boys wanted to get more—
Off they went and told Tim Jones, he joined, then there were four.
Four little, &c.

5—Four little Temperance boys did their best to strive
For the 'cause,' and worked so well that quickly there were five.
Five little, &c.

6—Five little Temperance boys left off playing tricks,
Talked all day of Band of Hope—another boy made six.
Six little, &c.

7—Six little Temperance boys found Duty's road uneven,
But they knew that Union's strength, so made their number seven.
Seven little, &c.

8—Seven little Temperance boys learned the drink to hate,
Quickly they got hold of Arthur, then they were just eight.
Eight little, &c.

9—Eight little Temperance boys thought it almost fine,
When they made poor Johnny join them, then they counted nine.
Nine little, &c.

10—Nine little Temperance boys worked away like men
To swell their splendid Band of Hope, and so at last were ten.
Ten little, &c.

FINAL CHORUS—

One little, two little, three little, four little, five little Temperance boys;
Six little, seven little, eight little, nine little, ten little Temperance boys.

[While singing the choruses, boys should march in time up and down platform. For the first chorus the two boys, for the second chorus, the three boys, and so on. At the last all will be in line, and the march may be continued as desired.]—'The Wide-Awake Temperance Reciter.'

Correspondence

LETTERS.

Dear Boys and Girls,—Sometimes some of you say in your letters that you hope to see them in print very soon, and I daresay you are disappointed when you do not see them that very week. Now, I must explain to you, first, that we have already a good many letters in hand, as you will see by the lists of letter-writers. Secondly, that even if your letter was the first and only one, it could not be printed the same week that you sent it. The 'Messenger' is not like a paper that is printed every day, being a weekly paper, it is less hurried; and everything for one copy must be given to the printer at least a week or two beforehand. By this you can understand a little why you must wait some weeks before you can expect to see your own letter in the Correspondence Column. For this reason also you can see that some letters are interesting when they are written, but lose their interest by having to wait—for instance, if you write that you have had very little snow yet, that is all right at the time, but before your letter is printed you may have had a very severe snowstorm. Or you may happen to write, that there is lots of snow and good skating, but when your letter is printed there may be a great thaw which has melted the snow and spoiled the skating; and people might say that the letter did not seem truthful, when the real difficulty was merely that you wrote of things of passing interest. Keep these things in mind when you write, and if you speak of the weather, instead of saying 'We had a storm to-day,' say 'We had a storm on February 26'—or whatever the date happened to be.

Some of you find it very difficult to find anything interesting to write about. We are pleased with every letter we receive, because it shows your regard; but many of the letters are mere repetitions of others, and therefore are not sufficiently interesting to print. Try to think of something outside of yourself and your own personal interests to write about. You often tell what you do at school, but you do not tell so much of what you do out of school hours. What kind of games do you play? Could you describe one of your favorite games, telling just how it is played, so that someone else who had never heard of it before would be able to play it with his friends? That would be interesting.

Do not forget about sending in your favorite verse of poetry, as I suggested some weeks ago.

I wonder how many of you read the Editor's letters, and whether you like them as well as the other letters?

Your loving friend,
THE CORRESPONDENCE EDITOR.

Snow Road.

Dear Editor,—My brother takes the 'Messenger.' I think it is a splendid paper. I will be nine years old on Feb. 14. I have two brothers and two sisters, and their names are Robbie, Elsie, Harvey and Myrtle. EFFIE H.

Coe Hill.

Dear Editor,—I enjoy reading the 'Messenger.' I am an orphan. My mother died ten years ago. I have one sister and one brother. My cousin took me. She is like a mother to me, and I call her mother. I have three half-sisters and one half-brother, and also one foster sister, who is four and a half months old. She is a pet. I go to school.

MARTHA V. T. (aged 11).

Orangeville.

Dear Editor,—We used to live in the country, but about a year ago we moved to the town of Orangeville. It is a very nice town. A branch of the C.P.R. runs near, so we are not far from a station. The main street is Broadway, and nearly all the business places are on this street. I am working in the G.N.W. telegraph office on Broadway. I am thirteen years old, and have two sisters and one brother. I went to the High School one year.

PERCY H. F.

Exeter, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am very much interested in the letters written by the boys and girls. I think the 'Messenger' is a very nice paper. I don't know what part I like best. I belong to the Methodist Church. We have a very large Sunday-school. I think the 'Messenger' explains the Sunday-school lesson very well. I went to Sunday-school every Sunday one year. I wish you great success. My birthday is on March 18. ALMA C. R.

Green Bay, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am greatly taken up reading your paper. I don't know which part of it I like the best. I have seven sisters and three brothers. We live on a farm. MABEL S. R.

Tiverton, Ont.

Dear Editor,—For pets I have three cats, and I had a dog, but he died, and I was very sorry. We have a bush, and in the spring we make maple syrup, and we also make maple taffee. In the spring the bush is full of all kinds of flowers. When other girls come to play, we go to the bush and gather them.

BESSIE B. (aged 8).

St. Peters, C.B.

Dear Editor,—I received the pen, and I was very much pleased with it. I think it is very nice for such little work. I go to school every day, and I like studying. Last year my brother got the 'Messenger,' and this year I am getting it. I think it is a very nice paper. That continued story, 'Daph and Her Charge,' is very interesting. I live in a little village on St. Peter's Bay, and it is a very pretty place.

ALICE R. McV. (aged 13).

Intervale, N.B.

Dear Editor,—We have taken the 'Messenger' for two years. I live on Elm Farm, three miles from Petitcodiac Station. My little cousin Percy stayed with us seven weeks this winter, while his mother was in the States. He was six years old. I have eight dolls, but I don't play with them as much as I used to. My cousin and I have good fun playing with them when she comes to visit me. Wishing the 'Messenger' every success,

BESSIE A. D. (aged 11).

Billings Bridge.

Dear Editor,—I live at Billings Bridge, a suburb of Ottawa. It is a very pretty village. I live beside the Rideau River. It is lovely in summer time. We have a boat, and do quite a bit of sailing. The river is all frozen over now, and I go there skating. I have three brothers, Hubert, Harry and Wesley, and one sister. I will be twelve on March 31.

RUBY R.

Intervale, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl, eleven years old. I take the 'Northern Messenger,' and think it a lovely paper. If any little girl's birthday is on the same day as mine, June 1, would they write to me, and I will answer them. I used to live in Elgin, and then we came to Intervale. There are no hills here like there are in Elgin. GERTRUDE G.

Algoma Mills, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I like the 'Northern Messenger' very much, and have taken it for some time. I have two sisters younger and a brother older than myself. My brother goes to Trinity College, Port Hope. Algoma Mills is a very pretty place in the summer. There are a great many boats which come here. I go to the English church and to Sunday-school. Wishing your paper success,

FRANCIS M.C.

Baie Verte, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I live on Bay View Farm, less than a quarter of a mile from the shore. In spring and fall the bay abounds with wild fowl, which are greatly hunted by sportsmen. I have two brothers, one older and one younger than myself. My older brother has a beautiful black colt that papa gave him last spring. My grandfather, who was born in Dumfriesshire, Scotland, over 80 years ago, tells us many interesting stories of his native country and his early life. This is the first letter I have written to the 'Messenger.' I am enclosing thirty cents for renewal of my subscription.

RAY S.

Maxwell, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My brother takes the 'Messenger,' and I enjoy reading it very much. I think the story about 'Saved in a Basket' is very interesting. We live on a farm, and our nearest town is about twenty miles away. The Beaver River runs past our place. I have two sisters and one brother. One of my sisters goes to the Collegiate in Galt. I will be thirteen years old on March 26. My youngest sister's birthday is on the same day as King Edward VII.'s, Nov. 9. We go to Sunday-school at Maxwell.

MINA I. M.

Sardis, B.C.

Dear Editor,—A man got a pheasant that had been shot, and its wing broken, and we are taking care of it. It is beginning to fly now, and is such a pretty bird. I want you to send me the 'Messenger' another year, so I am sending you the money for it. As the school is too far away, I have never gone to school. My mamma teaches me at home. I like to gather stones and look at them through a magnifying glass. I was nine years old on November 22. I was born on Thanksgiving Day, 1894. I wonder how many of your little readers has a birthday on the same day. I have no brothers or sisters.

HATTIE ADA M.

Sarawak, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live by a mill pond. My father is a miller. We have no cows, nor horses, but lots of pigs. We have lots of snow here, and have much fun sleigh-riding. We sleigh-ride on a large sleigh, and sometimes with our little sleigh. I like my studies pretty well, but I think I could like them better. I don't know whether the children would rather live in town or country. But I would far rather live in the country, although I never have lived in a town. I live four miles away from the town of Owen Sound, and I think that is close enough. In the winter we skate on our pond and on the bay close by. I cannot skate very well yet, but my two brothers and one of my sisters can. I get a good many falls, but I am going to try to learn to skate well this winter. I like reading the 'Northern Messenger' very much. I am very fond of the stories and letters, but I don't see why more boys do not write, the girls write nearly all the letters. MILDRED N.

Huntingdon, Que.

Dear Editor,—Papa takes the 'Daily Witness,' and mamma says it is the best paper she reads. I live in the township of Elgin, three miles west of Huntingdon village, where our post-office is. Papa got us a Christmas tree, and we took great pride in trimming it with flags and chains of different colors. I have two sisters and two brothers. Wishing the 'Messenger' much success. TENA A. M. (aged 11).

Roseneath.

Dear Editor,—In answer to Elva E. C.'s letter, I am ten years old, and my birthday is on July 24. I saw a letter in the 'Messenger' from a little girl, wanting to know what became of 'Claude.' Well, he wrote a long letter to his mother, brother and sister, asking their forgiveness, and saying that he had asked God to forgive him. He was hanged for killing an old man. One of the boys who was with him was hanged also, and the other had ten years in prison. MARJORIE I. G.

HOUSEHOLD.

How to Stew Meat.

(From Talks Across a Kitchen Table, in the 'Cottager and Artisan.')

'And now let us get to work,' Miss Patience went on briskly. 'Stews should be the most economical, the most savory, and the most nourishing of all modes of cooking, when they are rightly managed; but there is one great point to keep in mind about them if they are to be so, and I wonder whether any of you can tell me what it is?'

Several tried to guess: one suggested using the best materials; another, very little heat; and another replied that she thought perhaps it was to give plenty of time. Miss Patience commended the last speaker. 'Plenty of time—yes, that is the secret. Whatever else you may be able to hurry, you can never hurry a stew.

'But, you, Maggie, are quite wrong in thinking that the best materials are needed, as, if so, where does the economy of a stew come in? No, it is because the cheaper cuts of meat stew best and give the best results that this mode of cooking is so much to be recommended to those who have small incomes. You first of all want to know how to put a stew together, then you want to begin in good time with it, and keep it at a regular gentle heat. Stews will hurt less than anything else by over-cooking, but they are not improved by being done too much. You may give an average stew with vegetables from three to four hours in a gentle oven; but mutton takes rather less time than beef.'

'Is stewing-steak the best part to choose?' asked one.

'I do not care for it. It is expensive, for one thing; then it is too close in grain, and is apt to be too lean. You will find that meat which is coarser in grain, and has a little fat intermixed, stews better and is much more savoury. I like bladebone steak myself, but it is tenpence, while the flank at eightpence, and skirting at ninepence, are both as good for the purpose. I have here a piece of the flank of beef, and I am going to show you how to use this; you will be able then to get an even better result from superior pieces afterwards.'

Laying the piece of meat on a flat board, Miss Patience began by trimming off some of the fat and all skin.

'A "little" fat helps to make the stew nourishing, but too much will make it over-rich for digestion. You do not want to have any fat seen on the top of the gravy when you put it out. I cut the meat, you perceive, into even-sized pieces, about three inches long and fully an inch thick, then I roll each one in this flour, with which I have mixed some salt and pepper and a pinch of dried sage.

'My stewpan is made of glazed earthenware or stone, white inside, and the lid fits closely; these are quite cheap jars, and can be bought anywhere. You notice it has a flat bottom, therefore it cooks rather more quickly than one which has only a narrow one; those I should only use for making stock and such-like purposes.

'I shall first of all slice this large white onion into shreds; on that I lay the pieces of meat, fitting them nicely together, and over them a mixture of vegetables—carrots and a parsnip cut into short lengths, and another onion. You see that now the stewpan is quite full, so I put in a morsel of good beef-dripping at the top, and pour over all just about a teacupful of warm water, no more.

'You look surprised at seeing so little water put in? Ah! that is one of the secrets about stewing. Nearly everyone makes that mistake. They pour in water until it about covers all the other ingredients, and then wonder why their stew is watery and their meat white and flavorless. All you need is sufficient moisture to enable the meat to cook in its own steam and then it is easy to add a little more if the gravy is found too thick, or there is not sufficient of it. While we want the meat to be tender and savoury, we look for rather rich gravy with even the simplest stew.

'Now, if you give that stew about three hours in a moderately hot oven, standing the stewpan in the corner farthest from the fire, you will have a toothsome dish, in which meat and vegetables all blend together so that you can hardly tell which is which.

'I should like you to try how good a stew of vegetables can be, without any meat except a very little streaky bacon. With a mixture of winter vegetables—carrots, parsnips, celery, potatoes, onions—and a portion of a can of tinned tomatoes as the top layer, I have made many a delicious dish.

'The potatoes I cut in half after paring, the parsnips and carrots into pieces about two inches long and one thick, the onions are sliced, and the bacon cut into strips. Over each layer I sprinkle a little seasoned flour, and put a bit of dripping at the top of all, then sufficient water to half fill the pan. Give this stew about the same time as the previous one, and you will be very satisfied with the result.'

Some one questioned Miss Patience as to how Irish stew came by its name.

'I'm sorry to say I can't tell you that. But you know that Irish stew is made with neck of mutton chops, the fat trimmed off, and there are no other vegetables than onions and potatoes put with them. The potatoes should form the top layer, and the onions the bottom, the meat coming between. You put in rather more water than for any other stew. The potatoes usually form a ring round the dish, and the rest of the stew is put in the middle. You may make very good Irish stew with the trimmings of chops that have been prepared for frying or broiling, and even from the thin part of breast of mutton, usually sold quite cheaply, if it is not too fat.'

Miss Patience had a little more to tell us about stews of vegetables, which seemed great favorites with her, and she recommended us to try various combinations, such as haricot beans and mushrooms, the beans being first boiled until tender; and tomatoes with spring carrots and peas.

Then there followed a little homily on scouring; the need for keeping all cooking utensils scrupulously clean was made very plain, and the easiest ways of cleaning were shown us.

'What I want you to carry away from these talks is that "the three S's of cookery," as someone has called them, are "Skim, Simmer," and "Scour." You must learn these thoroughly if you are ever to be a good cook, as well as bear in mind, as I have been constantly telling you, that there is a "principle" in everything you do, however simple a thing it may be.'
—Lucy Yates.

PATENT REPORT.

Below will be found a list of patents recently granted by the American Government, through the agency of Messrs. Marion & Marion, Patent Attorneys, Montreal, Canada, and Washington, D.C. Information relating to any of the patents cited will be supplied free of charge by applying to the above-named firm.

Nos. 737,481, Ernest Renaud, Montreal, Que., safety device for railway switches; 737,482, Ernest Renaud, Montreal, Que., automatic railway signal; 742,127, Martin H. Miller, Wiarton, Ont., process of sugar making; 742,897, Napoleon Ostigny, St. Hyacinthe, Que., corn shucker; 742,998, Joseph Louis Kieffer, Montreal, Que., shoe and leather sewing machine; 744,089, Wm. Jas. Milne, Ponoka, Alta, N.W.T., bobbin winder; 745,406, Raoul Marcotte, Montreal, Que., painting and cleaning apparatus; 750,526, Geo. C. Ferguson, Fredericton, N.B., shoe lace fastener; 750,665, Joseph Lesperance, Montreal, Que., daylight plate developer.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address-tag on this paper? If the date there on is Feb., 1904, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

NORTHERN MESSENGER

(A Twelve Page Illustrated Weekly.)

One yearly subscription, 30c.

Three or more copies, separately addressed, 25c each.

Ten or more to an individual address, 20c each.

Ten or more separately addressed, 25c per copy.

The above rates include postage for Canada (excepting Montreal City). Nfld., U.S. and its Colonies, Great Britain, New Zealand, Transvaal, British Honduras, Bermuda, Barbadoes, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, Zanzibar.

For Montreal and foreign countries not mentioned above add 50c a copy postage.

Sample package supplied free on application.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal.

FREE TO SABBATH SCHOOLS.

The 'Messenger' is at once the cheapest and most interesting paper published of its kind.

The Subscription rate for Sabbath school clubs is only twenty cents a year.

If your school already takes another paper, perhaps some particular class would try the 'Northern Messenger.' The 'Messenger' stories would prove a real incentive to regular attendance and would be helpful in every home the paper entered.

Our experience is that if one class gets it the whole school will order it before long. The circulation of the 'Northern Messenger' has grown with leaps and bounds, numbering to-day over sixty thousand copies a week.

Superintendents or teachers may have it on trial for four consecutive weeks, **FREE OF CHARGE**, in sufficient numbers to give a copy to each family represented.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON.

A Thing Worth Knowing.

The Combination Oil Cure for cancer and tumors cures more cases than all other agencies combined. It has the endorsement of doctors, lawyers and ministers who have been cured, as well as hundreds outside the professions. It is soothing and balmy, safe and sure, and the only successful remedy known to medical science. Originated and perfected after twenty-five years of patient, scientific study. Those afflicted or have friends afflicted, should write at once for free books giving particulars and indisputable evidence. Address DR. D. M. BYE CO., Drawer 503, Indianapolis, Ind.

A GEOLOGICAL DISCOVERY

A NATURAL MINERAL ORE, mined from the ground like Gold and Silver, possessing remarkable medicinal power AND HEALING VIRTUES.

PERSONAL TO SUBSCRIBERS.

WE WILL SEND to every subscriber or reader of the "NORTHERN MESSENGER," or worthy person recommended by a subscriber or reader, a full-sized One Dollar package of VITAE-ORE, by mail, postpaid, sufficient for one month's treatment, to be paid for in one month's time after receipt, if the receiver can truthfully say that its use has done him or her more good than all the drugs and dopes of quacks or good doctors or patent medicines he or she has ever used. Read this over again carefully, and understand that we ask our pay only when it has done you good, and not before. We take all the risk; you have nothing to lose. If it does not benefit you, you pay us nothing. Vitae-Ore is a natural, hard, adamantine, rock-like substance—mineral—Ore—mined from the ground like gold and silver, and requires about twenty years for oxidization. It contains free iron, free sulphur and magnesium, and one package will equal in strength medicinal and curative value 800 gallons of the most powerful, efficacious mineral water drunk fresh at the springs. It is a geological discovery, to which there is nothing added or taken from. It is the marvel of the century for curing such diseases as Rheumatism, Bright's Disease, Blood Poisoning, Heart Trouble, Dropsy, Catarrh and Throat Affections, Liver, Kidney and Bladder Ailments, Stomach and Female Disorders, La Grippe, Malarial Fever, Nervous Prostration, and General Debility, as thousands testify, and as no one, answering this, writing for a package, will deny after using. Vitae-Ore has cured more chronic, obstinate, pronounced incurable cases, than any other known medicine, and will reach such cases with a more rapid and powerful curative action than any medicine, combination of medicines, or doctor's prescription which it is possible to procure.

Vitae-Ore will do the same for you as it has for hundreds of readers of this paper, if you will give it a trial. Send for a $1.00 package at our risk. You have nothing to lose but the stamp to answer this announcement. We want no one's money whom Vitae-Ore cannot benefit. You are to be the Judge! Can anything be more fair? What sensible person, no matter how prejudiced he or she may be, who desires a cure and is willing to pay for it, would hesitate to try Vitae-Ore on this liberal offer? One package is usually sufficient to cure ordinary cases; two or three for chronic, obstinate cases. We mean just what we say in this announcement, and will do just as we agree. Write to-day for a package at our risk and expense, giving your age and ailments, and mention this paper, so we may know that you are entitled to this liberal offer.

Rev. J. H. Wright

Has Used It, and Knows What It Will Do

READ WHAT HE SAYS:

I have at this writing used two and one-half packages of Vitae-Ore, and I must say that it has been a WONDERFUL MEDICINE FOR ME. I feel like a new man. For the last two years I had felt like a run-down clock, on the verge of nervous prostration. My lower limbs began to swell, and became heavy as in dropsical troubles, and I could not walk up a short flight of steps without becoming exhausted and so tired that I would have to stop and rest. I called upon my physician, and asked to know my trouble. He assured me it was neither dropsy nor rheumatism, but what in medical parlance is called "Phlebetes," a term used to designate a condition in which the large veins are inflamed, so that it is difficult for the blood to circulate. I asked the danger, and was told "blood-poisoning, foot dies by inches, gangrene." He said it was not too late to help me, and by using powerful stimulants caused the heart to act more freely. He did all he could for me, and after changing the medicine and treatment six times, succeeded in reducing the enlargement of the limb (left leg), and I was beginning to feel good over it when the right limb began to swell and enlarge as the left had done. It was at this period that I saw the Vitae-Ore advertisement and sent for a package on trial. After using it for two weeks I felt so much better I was convinced that I was on the right way for a renewal of health, and now, after using two and one-half packages, I FEEL WELL AND STRONG. It is wonderful food for the brain, as well as muscles. I am seventy-one years old, and on the twenty-sixth day of April I preached my fiftieth anniversary of ministerial acts and service in the church. Had I not come in touch with Vitae-Ore last winter I hardly think I would have reached that long-looked-for-period. I am, indeed, thankful for the HEALTH IT GAVE ME, AND CANNOT SAY ENOUGH to help others to be benefited as I have been.—REV. J. H. WRIGHT, 416 West Newton Avenue, Greensburg, Pa.

MIDDLE-AGED AND ELDERLY PEOPLE SHOULD USE IT.

As old age approaches the necessity for such a tonic as VITAE-ORE becomes each year more and more manifest. As is generally known, all through life there is a slow, steady accumulation of calcareous deposits in the system, marking the transition from the soft, gelatinous condition of infancy to the hard osseous condition of old age. These calcareous deposits naturally interfere with the functions of the VITAL ORGANS, and when they become excessive and resist expulsion, result in the dryness and stiffness of old age. In early life these deposits are thrown off, but age has not the power to do so unless assisted by some outside stimulant. VITAE-ORE, apart from its powerful disease curing, health-restoring action, is just the IDEAL STIMULANT for middle-aged, elderly people, in that it enters the blood, dissolves the hard calcerous matter, and almost entirely eradicates the ossific deposits so much feared by old people. IT ENRICHES THE BLOOD with the necessary hematinic properties, drives all foreign matter from the circulation and prolongs vigor and activity in both men and women to a ripe old age.

NOT A PENNY UNLESS BENEFITED!

☞ This offer will challenge the attention and consideration, and afterward the gratitude of every living person who desires better health or who suffers pain, ills, and diseases which have defied the medical world and grown worse with age. We care not for your skepticism, but ask only your investigation, and at our expense, regardless of what ills you have, by sending to us for a package.

Address, **THEO. NOEL, Geologist,**

N. M. DEPT,
Yonge and Temperance Streets, **TORONTO, ONT.**

PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED

We solicit the business of Manufacturers, Engineers and others who realize the advisability of having their Patent business transacted by Experts. Preliminary advice free. Charges moderate. **Our Inventors' Help**, 125 pages, sent upon request. Marion & Marion, New York Life Bldg. Montreal; and Washington, D.C., U.S.A.

THE BABY'S OWN

Handsome Fur Scarf and Ring FREE

We trust you with **24** large, beautiful Gold Filigree Heart-shaped Lockets, each enclosing a medallion of Oriental Perfume, the most fragrant and durable Perfume in the world (never before sold for less than 25c.) to sell at only **15c.** each. A certificate worth 50c. free with each one. **No trouble to sell our beautiful Perfumed Lockets.** The first 24 people you meet will gladly buy when you say they are only 15c. When sold return the money and we will immediately send you this **Handsome, stylish Fur Scarf, over 40 inches long,** that looks exactly like one costing $10. made of beautiful, soft, warm, black Coney Fur from specially selected skins, with six large bushy tails and a handsome neck and chain fastener. If you write us at once to send you the Lockets, and sell them and return the money within a week after you receive them, we will give you **FREE, in addition to the Fur Scarf,** an elegant gold-finished **Opal Ring** in a velvet-lined case as an **extra present.** Ladies and girls, you will find our Lockets the easiest sellers you ever handled, and our presents the most beautiful ever given away. Don't fail to write at once. **The Home Specialty Co., Dept. 435 Toronto, Ont.**

GRAND MAGIC LANTERN FREE for a Few Minutes' Work

Just send us your name and address and we will mail you 1 doz. of our handsome Gold Knot fast-selling Stick Pins, set with large, beautiful, flashing imitation Diamonds, Rubies, Sapphires, etc., (worth 25c.), to sell at only **10c.** each. A certificate worth 50c. given free with each Pin. When sold return the money and we will immediately send you this large, superb Magic Lantern, finely made of red lacquered metal, brass trimmed and provided with 3 fine focussing lenses in an adjustable tube for increasing and diminishing size of picture, a large lamp and a complete set of photographic slides showing dozens of large, beautifully colored pictures of every description. Write us to-day. **The Pin Co., Dept. 476, Toronto**

BEAUTIFUL PRESENTS FREE

GIRLS! We trust you with 15 large beautifully colored packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** to sell for us at 10c. each. For your trouble we will give you a beautiful gold finished **Opal Ring, also a Gold or Silver** composition, full size curb chain **Bracelet.** Remember, you get **both the Ring and Bracelet** for selling only 15 packages. **Everybody buys our Seeds.** They are the easiest sellers ever handled. Mary Spedding, Mono Mills, Ont., said: "I no sooner opened my parcel than I had all the seeds sold. They went like wildfire." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send you the seeds postpaid. A 50c. certificate free with each package. **Dominion Seed Co., Dept 401, Toronto**

FREE.

COMBINATION KNIFE AND TOOL SET

Given for selling only 12 large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** at 10c. each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties of every imaginable color. Harry Smith, Sydney, C.B., said: "I sold all the seeds in 5 minutes. They went like wildfire." A 50c. certificate free with each package. This magnificent Knife is a complete Tool Chest in itself, consisting of 1—Screw Driver, 2—Nut Cracker, 3—Hoof Cleaner, 4—Punch, 5 Cork Screw, 6—Tweezers, 7—Probe, 8—Big Blade, 9—Little Blade. This is a strong, well-finished Knife, made in Sheffield, England, of the best quality English steel with stag handle and name plate. G. Mitchell, Plantagenet, Ont., says: "I must say my Knife is a splendid Premium. My friends all say it is a beauty." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will mail the Seeds post-paid. Sell them, return 24c., and we will immediately forward your Knife. Address, **The Dominion Seed Co., Dept. 424, Toronto.**

BOYS EARN THIS WATCH

With Solid Silver nickel case, fancy edge, heavy bevelled crystal, hour, minute and seconds hands, and reliable American movement by selling only 7 of our large beautifully colored Pictures, 16 x 20 inches, named "Rock of Ages," "Angel's Whisper" and "Family Record," at 25c. each. **A Certificate worth 50c free with each Picture.**

SEND NO MONEY

Simply write us that you would like to earn this handsome Watch and we will send the pictures at once postpaid. You can easily sell them in half an hour as they are the largest and most beautiful pictures ever sold in this country for 25c. Write us to-day. Every boy will be delighted with this handsome Watch. The Colonial Art Co., Dept. 436, Toronto.

SOLITAIRE DIAMOND RING FREE

Send name and address, plainly written, and we will mail you, postpaid, 10 of our large beautiful fast-selling packages of Fresh **Sweet Pea Seeds,** the best in Canada. (Every package is handsomely decorated in 12 colors, and contains 61 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color.) Sell them at 10c. each, return the money, and we will immediately send you, absolutely free, this beautiful Ring, elegantly finished in 14k Gold, and containing one very large magnificent flashing Austrian Diamond in the famous Tiffany style setting. The stone is wonderfully hard and brilliant, full of color and fire, and cannot be told from a real Diamond even by an expert. Write for the Seeds at once, and in a few days you will be wearing this magnificent Ring that never fails to attract attention wherever it is. The Seed Supply Co. Dept. 430, Toronto, Ont.

FREE GOLD Watch

Handsome Gold finished **Double Hunting Case,** richly and elaborately engraved in Solid Gold Designs, stem wind and set, accurately adjusted reliable imported jewelled movement. The richest looking Hunting Case Watch ever manufactured, given for selling at 10c. each only 8 doz. large, beautiful packages of fresh **Sweet Pea Seeds,** the best in Canada. Every package is handsomely decorated in 12 colors and contains 61 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **A Certificate worth 50c. free with each package.** Send name and address to-day, and we will mail the seeds post-paid. You can easily sell them in half an hour, and just as soon as we receive the money for them, we will send you the handsome Watch shown and described above **absolutely free.** E. Lehman, Athe, Ont., writes: "I am more than satisfied with my watch. It is a good timekeeper and looks exactly like a $100.00 watch." Address **The Prize Seed Co., Dept. 416 Toronto.**

FREE LANTERN AND ENGINE

BOYS! Send us your name and address to-day and we will send you postpaid, 6 large beautifully colored pictures, 16 x 20 inches, named, "Angel's Whisper," "Rock of Ages," and "The Family Record," to sell for us at 25c. each. (A certificate worth 50c. free to each purchaser.) Every package is handsomely finished in 12 different colors and is fully worth 50c. At 25c. everybody is glad to buy. When sold return the money and we will immediately send you a large well-made magic lantern, with a full assortment of colored views, also a handsome perfect running upright steam engine, with brass boiler, balance wheel, steam chest and everything that goes to make a perfect engine. Boys, remember you get both the lantern and engine for selling only 6 pictures. Could anything be easier? Send name and address to-day. **The Colonial Art Co.**, Dept. 402, Toronto.

HANDSOME WATCH and COMBINATION KNIFE Given Away FREE

The Watch has a Solid Silver nickel case, fancy edge, hard enamelled dial, hour, minute and seconds hands, and is fitted with a reliable and accurate American movement. With care it will last 10 years. The Knife is made of best English steel and has 2 fine blades, a cork screw, glass cutter, etc. **Remember** you get **BOTH** the Watch and the Knife absolutely free if you will sell only 2 doz. large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. Every package contains 61 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color, and we give a certificate worth 50c. free with each one.

Everybody buys them. They are the fastest sellers you ever saw.

Send name and address to-day and we will mail the Seeds postpaid.

Address—
The Seed Supply Co., Toronto, Ont.

LADIES' ENAMELLED WATCH FREE

For selling at 10c. each only 7 doz. large beautiful packages of Sweet Pea Seeds, decorated in 12 colors and containing 42 of the most fragrant and large flowering varieties in every imaginable color. A 50c. certificate free with each package. Maggie Spoon, Mono Mills, Ont., says: "I took the Seeds to school with me and sold them all in 10 minutes." This **dainty** and **reliable watch** has **gold hands, fancy dial,** stem wind and set, **jeweled movement,** and is **beautifully enamelled** with **roses** and **leaves** in natural colors. Delia Shaw, Milton, Ont., says: "I am delighted with my watch. It is certainly very dainty. I did not expect anything half so pretty." Write us a **Post Card** for Seeds to-day. **THE PRIZE SEED CO., DEPT. 414 TORONTO, ONT.**

Handsome Presents FREE

SEND NO MONEY

Just your name and address and we will mail you postpaid **10** large beautiful packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** to sell at 10c. each. **No trouble to sell our Seeds** when you tell your friends that every package contains the finest mixture in the world of **over 60** different varieties, all giant flowers, deliciously fragrant, in endless combinations of beautiful colors. We also give a **certificate worth 50c. free with each package.** When sold return the money and we will immediately send you this **beautiful Ring,** Solid Gold finished and set with **Rubies** and **Pearls,** and, **if you send us your name and address at once,** we will give you an opportunity to get this handsome Gold finished **Double Hunting Case Watch,** elegantly engraved, that looks exactly like a **$30.00 Solid Gold Watch, FREE, in addition to the Ring,** without selling any more Seeds. This is a grand chance. Don't miss it. **THE SEED SUPPLY CO., DEPT 441 TORONTO**

Earn This WATCH

With polished silver nickel open face case, the back elaborately engraved, fancy milled edge, heavy bevelled crystal and keyless Wind, Imported works, by selling only 18 large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at **10c.** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **Everybody buys.** Percy Bell, Little Rapids, Ont., said: "The seeds sold like wildfire." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send you the Seeds postpaid. Don't delay. Edward Gilbert, Petrolea, Ont., says: "I received my watch in good condition. It is a daisy and I am very much pleased with it." **THE DOMINION SEED CO., DEPT. 455, TORONTO, Ont.**

PICTURES ON CREDIT —NO SECURITY ASKED—

We send you 15 large beautifully colored pictures, each 16x22 inches named "The Angels Whisper," "The Family Record," "Christ before Pilot," "Rock of Ages." These pictures are handsomely finished in 12 colors and could not be bought for less than 50c. each in any store. You sell them for 25c. each, send us the money, and for your trouble we send you a handsome gold-finished **Double Hunting Case** Watch, lady's or Gent's size, richly and elaborately engraved in solid gold designs, with stem wind and set, accurately adjusted reliable imported movement. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will mail you the pictures postpaid. Also our large illustrated Premium List showing dozens of other valuable prizes. Address, **Home Art Co., Dept 416 Toronto.**

FREE LANTERN AND ENGINE

Splendid Magic Lantern with powerful lenses showing dozens of pictures in colors and Real Steam Engine with brass boiler and steam chest, steel piston rod and fly wheel, and Russian iron burner compartment, **given** for selling only 15 large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** at 10c. each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors, and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties, of every imaginable color. **You can sell 3 and 4 packages in every house.** A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will mail the Seeds postpaid. When sold return $1.50 and we will forward immediately both the **Lantern** and **Engine.** **The DOMINION SEED CO., DEPT. 402, TORONTO, ONT.**

LADY'S ENAMELLED WATCH FREE

for selling only 10 large, beautifully Colored Pictures, 16 x 20 inches, named "The Angel's Whisper," "The Family Record," and "Simply to the Cross I Cling," at 25 cents each. Every purchaser gets a 50c. certificate free. These pictures are all handsomely finished in 12 colors, and could not be bought in any store for less than 50c. This dainty and reliable Lady's Watch has Gold hands, fancy dial, is stem wind and set, with jewelled movement and solid silver nickel case with roses and leaves beautifully enamelled in natural colors. Agnes Patterson, Nanaimo, B.C., writes: "I was delighted to get such a surprise." It was always my ambition to have a watch, but such a little beauty as you sent me took us all by storm. All my companions are going to earn a watch like mine." We want every girl and lady who has not a watch already to write for the Pictures at once. Address, **THE COLONIAL ART CO., Dept. 414 Toronto.**

Beautiful Presents FREE

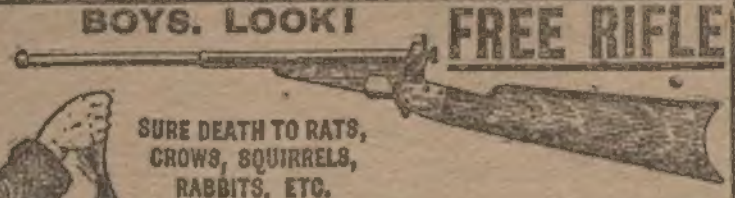
For a Few Minutes' Easy Work. No Money Required

Simply send us your name and address on a Post Card and we will mail you postpaid, at once, 20 large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** to sell at 10c. each. No trouble to sell our Seeds when you say that every package contains **the finest mixture in the world, over 60** different varieties, all giant sweet scented flowers in every imaginable color. **A certificate worth 50c. free with each package.** When sold return us the money and we will immediately send **you the most beautiful Doll you have ever seen.**

21 INCHES HIGH

with long, golded curly hair, pearly teeth, beautiful eyes and moveable head, arms and legs. Her handsome dress is elegantly trimmed with ribbons and lace, and she has a beautiful hat to match, as shown in the picture, also stockings, slippers, and lace trimmed underwear. **Girls, remember,** you get this handsome Doll, beautifully dressed from head to foot—**worth $2.00 cash in any store**—absolutely free for selling only 20 packages of Seeds, and if you sell the Seeds and return the money within a week after you receive them, we will give you a handsome Solid Gold finished **Ring,** set with a **large magnificent Fire Opal** in a velvet lined Box, **free as an extra present, and if you write us at once** we will give you an opportunity to get this beautiful Gold finished **double Hunting case Watch FREE in addition to your other presents** without selling any more Seeds. **Remember,** no other Company gives such valuable presents for doing so little work. You will find our Sweet Pea packages the fastest sellers you ever saw. **Write us to-day.** We guarantee to treat you right. The Publishers of this paper will tell you that we always do exactly what we say. Address **THE SEED SUPPLY CO., DEPT. 423 TORONTO, ONTARIO**

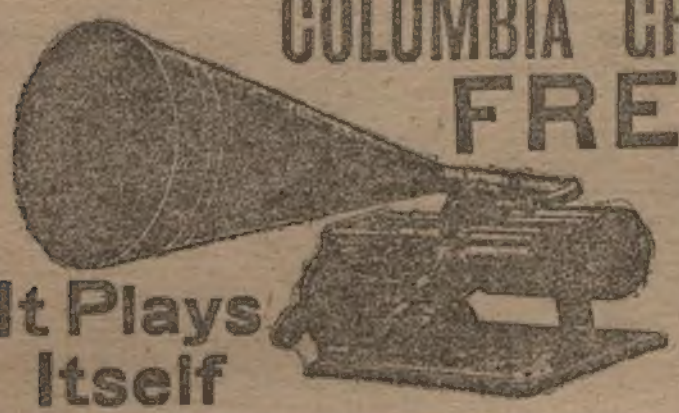
BOYS, LOOK! FREE RIFLE



SURE DEATH TO RATS, CROWS, SQUIRRELS, RABBITS, ETC.

Boys! How would you like to have an **All-Steel Long-Distance Air Rifle** of the best make and latest model, that shoots B. B. Shot, Slugs and Darts with terrific force and perfect accuracy? We are giving away **Absolutely Free** these splendid Rifles to anyone who will sell only **1½ doz.** large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** at **10c.** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors, and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties, in every imaginable color. **Everybody buys.** M. Species, Mono Mills, Ont., said: "I no sooner opened my parcel than I had all the Seeds sold. They went like wildfire." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send the Seeds postpaid. Boys, this is the best Air Gun made. It has all steel barrel and fittings, improved globe sights, pistol grip and walnut stock. Is always ready for Squirrels, Rats, Sparrows, etc. Geo. Allen, Brandon, Man., says: "I received my Rifle yesterday and think it is a beauty. I have shot 5 birds already." **Dominion Seed Co.,** Dept. 423 Toronto.

COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE FREE



It Plays Itself

It plays every kind of Instrumental music, plays every class of songs, tells you all kinds of funny stories.

SEND NO MONEY, just your name and address plainly written and we will mail you postpaid, 3 doz. large beautiful packages of fresh Sweet Pea Seeds to sell at 10c. each. (A certificate worth 50c. free to each purchaser.) Every package is handsomely decorated in 12 colors and contains 61 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **They sell like hot cakes.** When sold, return the money and we will immediately send you this real Columbia Graphophone exactly as illustrated, with spring motor, large metal amplifying horn; all handsomely enamelled, gold trimmed and nickel plated, also one musical and one Fsong record—Hiawatha, Dixie Girl, Annie Laurie, Carry me back to Old Virginia, My Old Kentucky Home, Old Oaken Bucket, Sally in Our Alley, My Wild Irish Rose, Kathleen Mavourneen, I'se going Back to Dixie, The Holy City, Home Sweet Home, etc., etc. Understand this is not a toy or a machine that must be turned by hand, but a real self playing Graphophone, with which you can give concerts in any size hall or room, as it sings, talks and plays, just as loud and clear as any $50.00 Talking Machine. Write for seeds to-day sure. **Prize Seed Co.,** Dept. 409 Toronto

EASILY EARNED

Boys you can easily earn this large finely made Magic Lantern that shows dozens of large beautifully colored Pictures of all kinds, animals, clowns' performance, ships, Red Riding Hood and the Wolf, etc., etc., by selling only 1 doz. large beautiful packages of fresh **Sweet Pea Seeds** at 10c. each. Every package is handsomely decorated in 12 different colors and contains 61 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **Everybody buys them. They are the best sellers you ever saw.** Write us at once and we will send the Seeds postpaid and in a few days you will be making lots of money giving magic Lantern shows. **THE SEED SUPPLY CO., DEPT. 474, TORONTO**

FREE

STEAM FIRE ENGINE made entirely of steel, iron and brass, beautifully finished, with driving wheel, shaft and piston, polished brass boiler and steam chest, Russian iron furnace compartment, brass steam pump with a suction hose and a long fire hose, with a brass nozzle, given for selling at 10c. each only 15 large beautifully colored packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds. Everybody buys them.** Roy Butler, Wilsonville, Ont., said: "I sold the Seeds in a few minutes. People said they were fine." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send you the Seeds postpaid. Dominion Seed Co., Dept. 425 Toronto.

SEEDS ON CREDIT.

We trust you with 10 large beautifully colored packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** to sell for us at 10c. each. When sold, return 1.00 and we will send you this handsome **Opal Ring** made of Solid Gold Alloy, set with three large beautiful opals that show all the colors of the rainbow. This is an exceedingly handsome ring and cannot be told from a real opal even by an expert. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send you the Seeds postpaid. Gracie Brown, Cheverie, N.S., said: "I sold all the seeds in a few minutes." A 50c. certificate free with each package. **DOMINION SEED CO.,** Dept. 421

WIDE RUNNER SKATES FREE

Barrels of Fun for Every Boy and Girl

You can SKATE—COAST—SLIDE

Wherever there is snow, sleet or ice; either on street, hill, walk, crusted snowbank or anywhere else with a pair of our wide runner skates, made of special steel, any size, handsomely finished, which we give away free for selling only 2 doz. packages fresh **Sweet Pea Seeds** at 10c. each. Every package is handsomely finished in 12 different colors and contains 61 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. Everybody buys them. They are the best sellers you ever saw. A certificate worth 50c. free with each package. Boys and Girls, write to-day, sure, and we will mail Seeds postpaid at once. Address Prize Seed Co., Dept. 404, Toronto.

FREE MAGIC LANTERN

Just send us your name and address on a Post Card, and we will mail you postpaid, 5 large beautifully colored pictures, 16 x 20 inches, named "The Angel's Whisper," "The Family Record," and "Rock of Ages." These pictures are beautifully finished in 12 different colors, and are well worth 50c. You sell them for only 25c. each, and give a free certificate worth 50c. to each purchaser, return us the money and we will immediately send you this large, well-made, finely finished Lantern, with 3 fine focusing lenses, an excellent reflector, and a large lamp which shows a strong, clear, white light, reproducing the pictures in a clear, distinct form on the sheet. With the Lantern we also send 12 beautifully colored slides illustrating about 72 different views, such as Red Riding Hood and the Wolf, Clown's performances, etc., etc., and full directions. Address, The Colonial Art Co., Dept. 417 Toronto.

FORTUNE TELLER FREE

A marvellous invention that will tell your fortune and answer every question you ask it, **free** to you for selling only **1 doz.** large beautiful packages of fresh **Sweet Pea Seeds** at 10c. each. (**A Certificate worth 50c. free to each purchaser.**) Every package is handsomely decorated in 12 colors and contains 61 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **They sell like hot cakes.** If you wish to know whether fortune or misfortune awaits you, if you are to marry or not, or anything else that now puzzles you, write us at once to send you the Seeds and in a few days time this wonderful Fortune Teller will be telling you everything you want to know. Address **The Dominion Seed Co.,** Dept 422 **Toronto.**

ENAMELLED WATCH FREE

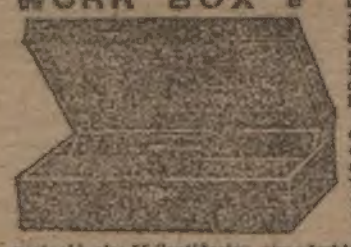
Drop us a Post Card to-day.

Handsome Silver Nickel case on which a horse is elegantly enamelled, the rich, brown fur and delicate coloring making the whole design absolutely true to life. A very beautiful and thoroughly reliable Watch that answers every purpose of the most expensive timepiece, given for selling only twenty large, beautiful packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** at 10c. each. Each package is beautifully decorated in 12 colors and contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **They are not sellers. Everybody buys them.** Roy Butler, Wilsonville, Ont., said: "I sold all the seeds in a few minutes. People said they were fine." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will mail the packages postpaid. Charles Wickham, Rodgerville, Ont., said: "I received my watch and it is far ahead of my expectations. It is a splendid time and I am perfectly delighted with it." Address Prize Seed Co., Dept. 419 Toronto.

SOLITAIRE DIAMOND RING

For selling only 7 large, beautiful Pictures, 16 x 20 inches, at 15c each. In the centre of each one is a very realistic Picture of the Great Baltimore Fire, surrounded by smaller pictures of other noted Fires, such as the Great Chicago Fire, the Boston Fire, the San Francisco Fire, the Ottawa Fire, etc., etc. The first seven people you meet will buy them from you. They are the fastest sellers you ever saw. When sold, return the money and we will immediately send you, absolutely free, this beautiful Ring, elegantly finished in 14 k. Gold, and containing one very large, magnificent flashing Austrian Diamond in the famous Tiffany style setting. The stone is wonderfully hard and brilliant, full of color and fire, and can hardly be told from a Real Diamond. Write us a Post-Card to-day, and we will mail the Pictures postpaid. Address, THE HOME ART CO., Dept. 430, Toronto.

HANDSOME WORK BOX FREE



For selling only 15 large beautiful packages of fresh **Sweet Pea Seeds** at 10c. each. Every package is handsomely decorated in 12 different colors and contains 61 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. Write to-day and we will send the Seeds postpaid, also 15 Certificates, one of which is to be given free with each package. When sold, return the money and we will immediately send you this **Elegant Work Box,** with lock and key, ten inches long, six inches wide, made of highly polished wood, the cover handsomely decorated in many beautiful colors. It is lined throughout with satin, covered with rich gold designs and contains a pincushion, three compartments, a steel bodkin, a silver nickel mounted case, and a pair of embroidery scissors. Ladies and Girls, don't miss this grand chance to get an Elegant Work Box for only a few minutes' work but send for Seeds to-day. **THE PRIZE SEED CO., DEPT. 411 TORONTO, ONT.**

FREE!

Ladies and Girls, You Can Earn This

Handsome Fur Scarf

In a Few Minutes

By selling at 10c. each, only 20 of our large beautiful packages of fresh **Sweet Pea Seeds**, the best in Canada. Every package is handsomely decorated in 12 colors and contains 61 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. Our Sweet Pea Packages are positively the largest, the best and the most beautiful ever sold for 10c.

SEND NO MONEY

We trust you. Simply write us that you would like to earn this beautiful Fur Scarf and we will mail you at once, postpaid, the 20 large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds, also 20 Certificates each worth 50c. one of which is to be given away **free** with every package. When sold, return the money and we will immediately send you **absolutely free** this

HANDSOME FUR SCARF

Over 40 inches long, 3 inches wide, made from selected full-furred skins, with six fine full black tails, the very latest style. It is fully equal in appearance to any $10.00 Fur Scarf.

HELEN RAYMOND, Middlemarch, N.B., writes: "I received the Scarf and am much delighted with it, I had no idea of getting such a beautiful fur for so little work. The same kind of a Fur Scarf would cost $4.00 in our store."

MRS. GRAHAM, South New Bridge, N.B., writes: "I write to thank you for my beautiful Fur Scarf which was far ahead of what I expected. I have been pricing them in our store and find that I could not get one like it for less than $3.00.

Ladies and Girls don't miss this grand chance to get a Handsome Fur Scarf, for only a few minutes work, but **send your name and address today** and be the first in your locality to have our Seeds. **THE PRIZE SEED CO., DEPT. 484, TORONTO**

COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE FREE

It plays every kind of Instrumental music, sings every class of songs, tells you all kinds of funny stories.

It Plays Itself

SEND NO MONEY, Just your name and address plainly written, and we will mail you postpaid, 14 large beautifully colored Pictures, 10 x 20 inches, named, "Angel's Whisper," "Rock of Ages," and "The Family Record," to sell at 25c. each. (A Certificate worth 50c. free to each purchaser.) Every Picture is handsomely finished in 12 different colors and could not be bought in any store for less than 50c. **They are the quickest sellers you ever saw.** When sold, return the money and we will immediately send you this real Columbia Graphophone exactly as illustrated, with spring motor, large metal amplifying horn; all handsomely enamelled, gold trimmed and nickel plated, also one musical and one song record—Hiawatha, Dixie Girl, Annie Laurie, Carry me back to Old Virginia, My Old Kentucky Home, Old Oaken Bucket, Sally in Our Alley, My Wild Irish Rose, Kathleen Mavourneen, I'se going Back to Dixie, The Holy City, Home Sweet Home, etc., etc. Understand, this is not a toy or a machine that must be turned by hand, but a real self playing Graphophone, with which you can give concerts in any size hall or room, as it sings, talks and plays, just as loud and clear as any $30.00 Talking Machine. Write for Pictures to-day sure, **THE COLONIAL ART CO., DEPT. 483, TORONTO.**

VALUABLE PRIZES EASILY EARNED

FREE

All you have to do is to send us your name and address and we will mail you postpaid, and trust you with 1½ doz. large, beautiful packages of Early-blooming Sweet Pea Seeds to sell at 10c. each. Every package contains **over 60** different varieties, the most complete assortment of Sweet Pea Seeds in the world. They give an abundance of large finely-formed flowers, deliciously fragrant, in a great variety of beautiful colors. **You never saw faster sellers.** When sold return the money and we will immediately send you this all steel **Rifle** modeled after the latest target rifle; has a genuine black walnut stock, made with pistol grip, and is provided with improved globe sights. All parts are interchangeable. The shooting barrel is so arranged that it can be instantly removed and either B.B. shot or darts used. Shoots B.B. shot or darts by compressed air with sufficient force to kill birds, rats, etc., at a distance of 50 ft., yet it is safe in the hands of any child. **An Extra Present FREE** If you write us at once to send you the seeds and after you receive them, we will give you **Free, in addition to the Rifle,** a **Combination Knife** with two fine steel blades, a corkscrew, and glass cutter; and we will also give you an opportunity to get this handsome, Gold-finished Double Hunting Case Watch elegantly engraved free without selling any more Seeds. Don't delay or you may miss these extra Presents. Address **THE PRIZE SEED CO., DEPT. 413, TORONTO, ONTARIO**

LADIES' WATCH AND OPAL RING Free

Send no Money

Just your name and address, and we will mail you postpaid, **16 Oriental Arabian Perfumed Lockets,** each consisting of a beautiful Gold Filigree Heart Shaped Locket, enclosing a medallion of Oriental Perfume, highly odorized from millions of roses, the most fragrant and durable perfume in the world. These beautiful Lockets sell everywhere for 25c., and people are glad to buy. You sell them for **only 15c.** and give **a certificate worth 50c. free with each one,** return the money, and for your trouble we will give you this **beautiful little Lady's Watch** with fancy gold hands, on which a large rose with buds and leaves is elegantly enamelled in seven colors, and if you send us your name and address at once and sell the lockets and return the money within a week after you receive them, we will give you **free in addition to the watch** a handsome gold finished **ring** set with a **large, magnificent Fire Opal** that glistens with all the beautiful colors of the rainbow. Ladies and girls, write us to-day. You can easily sell the lockets in half an hour and we know you will be more than delighted with these two beautiful presents. Address **THE HOME SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 434 Toronto.**

WE WILL GIVE YOU THIS Elegant Fur Scarf

42 INCHES LONG

made of beautiful soft black Coney Fur, from skins specially selected for their beautiful lustrous finish, and ornamented with six large bushy tails and a handsome hook and chain fastener, if you will sell only 20 beautiful Gold Knot Scarf Pins, set with large magnificent imitation Diamonds, Rubies, Opals, etc., at 10c. each. (A certificate worth 50c. given free with each one.) **Our Scarf Pins are the biggest bargains you ever saw for 10c. each and the fastest sellers.**

We Trust You

Send your name and address and we will send Pins by return mail postpaid. When sold return the money and we will immediately send you **absolutely free** this handsome Stylish Fur Scarf that could not be told from one costing $10.00. Address The Pin Co., Dept. 433, Toronto.

KICK! KICK!! GET INTO THE GAME!

FREE ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL full regulation size, made of specially prepared Oak Tanned Leather, hand sewn and furnished with best quality red rubber bladder, given for selling at **10c.** each only 15 large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds. Each package is beautifully decorated in **12** colors and contains 61 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **They are wonderful sellers.** A. E. Logan, St. John, N.B., said: "The Seeds went like hot cakes." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send the Seeds postpaid. Jas. Kavanagh, St. John's, Nfld., says: "I am highly delighted with my football. I could not buy it in this city for less than $3.50. Men of experience say it is the best ball they ever played with." Address **THE PRIZE SEED CO., DEPT. 410 TORONTO.**

FREE Elegant FUR CAPERINE WORTH $10.00 FREE

We have just purchased 30 handsome Fur Caperines, fully worth $10.00 each, from a large fur manufacturer in New York at a specially reduced price, which enables us to offer every Girl and Lady the best chance they ever had in their life to get a magnificent $10.00 Fur Caperine **Absolutely Free.**

Send No Money

Just your name and address plainly written, and we will send you postpaid, 3½ doz. large beautiful packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** the best in Canada, to sell at **10c.** a package. Every package is handsomely finished in 12 colors and contains 61 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. You can easily sell them in half an hour, as they are positively the largest, the best, and most beautiful packages ever sold for 10c. **Everybody buys them.** When sold, return the money and we will immediately send you one of these handsome Fur Caperines that could not be bought in any store for less than $10.00 cash. It is cut in the latest style with the long graceful fronts so fashionable this season, and is made of beautiful rich black Coney and fine imitation Sable Fur, with high Storm Collar 6 inches deep (fur on both sides), and extra wide cape extending well over the shoulders and lined throughout with the finest quality of satin—the whole ornamented with six long full furred tails as shown in the illustration. Remember, we have only 30 of these elegant Caperines to give away, so send name and address at once, or you may be too late, **Seed Supply Co.,** Dept. 420, Toronto.

FREE STEAM ENGINE

Makes 300 Revolutions in a minute. Easy running, swift and powerful. Strongly made of steel and brass, handsomely nickel plated. Has belt wheel, steam whistle and safety valve, iron stand, brass boiler and steam chest, steel piston rod and Russian iron burner compartments. Boys! this big, powerful Steam Engine is free to you for selling only 9 large, beautifully colored packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at **10c.** each. **Everybody buys them.** Roy Butler, Wilsonville, Ont., said: "I sold the seeds in a few minutes. People said they were fine." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send the Seeds postpaid. Order now, as we have only a limited quantity of these special Engines on hand. Arnold Wiseman, Kirkton, Ont., said: "My Engine is a beauty and a grand premium for so little work. **PRIZE SEED CO., Dept. 415 Toronto**

FREE TO BOYS PRINTING PRESS AND THREE DRAWER OUTFIT COMPLETE AND NO MONEY

$5 A WEEK Easily Earned

BOYS—Any afternoon you can sell our Sweet Pea Seeds and easily earn this complete **Printing Press,** with **3 drawer Oak Cabinet Outfit; a Hamilton Rifle; 1,000 Shot Repeating Rifle; large Magic Lantern; Gold Watch and Chain; Camera, with 28-piece Outfit,** or choice of **DOZENS** of other presents that will delight every boy. Send name and address to-day; we send you **FREE,** postpaid, and **TRUST YOU** with 24 large packages of fresh Sweet Pea Seeds to sell at 10c. each. (A certificate worth 50c. free to every purchaser.) Every package contains 61 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. When sold send us the money; we ship the present you select. Our boys say: "Sold the Seeds in less than half an hour." "They sell at sight." "My press came all right, it's a dandy." Costs nothing to try. Address **The Seed Supply Co.,** Dept. 431, Toronto

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'